THE COMMONWEAL

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THE PROHIBITION ISSUE

PROHIBITION as an issue, appears to be as difficult to lay as Banquo's ghost. With the best and most law-abiding intentions in the world, even those who would be content to regard the Eighteenth Amendment as "res ajudicata" find themselves unable to escape from it constant reëmergence as a news item, of front-page rank, which it would be affectation to ignore. After five years of enforcement, with all the powers of government and judiciary behind it, the statute fathered by Mr. Andrew Volstead is as much on its defense as on the day it was inserted in the body of American law.

This atmosphere of dogged resistance is no matter of theory. Any observer, in the course of an averagely active day among men of affairs, is forced to take note of it a dozen times. Answered as it has been on the part of those who are making a change in the nation's habits their particular business, by an ever-increasing confidence and by an expressed determination to meet every act of non-conformity by fresh invasions of personal liberty, it has ended by creating a sense of intolerable strain. We believe it is because this feeling has been dissipated, if only momentarily, by the pronouncement of the Episcopal Church Temperance society and what has followed it, that an importance, quite out of proportion to the volume of opinion the society represents, has been attached to it by the responsible press of the country.

It was interesting to note how quickly argument as to the exact strength of the body for which Dr. Carstensen and Dr. Empringham spoke died away, and how quickly the nature of the opposition that crystallized itself around their statement became of front-page importance. For Catholics, naturally, the comment which has appeared under the names of Cardinal O'Connell and Cardinal Hayes takes first place. The utterance of the Cardinal from Boston is all the more impressive because he has hitherto, and despite continual attempts to obtain his opinion, preferred to keep silence. Even now he has not so much chosen the moment to break it as recognized that a time has come when the place the thing is to assume in human conscience as opposed to public opinion must be defined. What he well terms a "deep agitation on the part of the public" and "an extraordinary amount of confusion, both of principle and fact" called for an authoritative definition of Christian doctrine.

The confusion is not one that has ever prevailed among Catholic men and women who are fully instructed. In their minds the landmarks between posi-

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tive good and positive evil are grown familiar things through ordeals in which the choice between the world's way and God's way is daily offered them. Periodical examinations of conscience in a sphere where the world's facile and pragmatic standards do not weigh a feather's weight, leave them in little real doubt as to the nature of sin. The confusion, where it exists, is an imported confusion. It is the result of, perhaps, the most astonishing and concerted effort ever made to destroy the boundary marks between man-made and God-made law, and to cover a failure which marks only too plainly the limits within which the state can impose its will, by sowing the seeds of doubt in individual minds and, like the Pharisee with the piece of silver, propounding a dilemma which leaves the onus of bad citizenship upon one answer, and bad doctrine upon the other. Cardinal O'Connell's answer to such attempts, often couched in the language of sweet persuasiveness, but which quickly reveal their true nature by turning to threats and abuse when they are resisted, is what might be expected from a prelate of his clear mind and undoubted courage:

"It has been made clear a thousand times that we will work with our separated brethren as temperance men, but not as the tools of those whose confessed policy is world-wide prohibition by instalments."

How world-wide is this new attack upon the human will, and how clearly the world is faced with a new Manicheaism, is apparent from the leading editorial in the English Catholic weekly, The Tablet, which Cardinal O'Connell not only quoted at length, but which he recommends to American Catholics as embodying in clear and comprehensive form "genuine Catholic doctrine" on the question of prohibition. The article was called forth, it is true, by the impudent and quickly disavowed attempt to draw from the shepherd of the Universal Church a pronouncement that would have imposed absolute abstention as a duty bearing upon Catholic conscience in one country. But the implications of the discreditable ruse go so deep that The Tablet devotes four of its columns to it:

"Reviving the hoary heresy of the Aquarians, they would banish wine even from the sacrifice of the altar; as neo-Manichees, they would have us stray in the thornbrakes of false physics and metaphysics.

"To these appeals the Catholic Church cannot accede. Voluntary total abstinence she applauds, as in the case of a strong-willed man who renounces fermented liquor for the sake of a weak-willed brother.

"But compulsory universal prohibition is a different thing. For compulsory prohibition in general is flatly opposed to Holy Scripture and to Catholic tradition."

Nor is the statement issued by Cardinal Hayes, though it was made immediately upon his arrival at New York, and was necessarily brief, less emphatic:

"Extreme measures lack the spirit and the practical guidance of reason . . . It is not, in my judgment, the proper thing to ask me or our children to consider as something vile, as outlawed, that which we must use day after day in our worship."

We may discount in advance those religious bodies which have erected prohibition into a main article of their faith, and which, as that light of orthodoxy, Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, promises us, are to "terrify" backsliders at forthcoming polls. "In and outside of it," says the New York Times in editorial comment (the Times is referring to the American Federation of Labor, but its words will do for almost any body of average citizens) "are multitudes that, irrespective of personal habit, loathe the clumsy hand of the government at their throat."

All the truculent assertions of the men who, with the club of the law in their hands, see in the present revival of opposition to their pretenses, the wriggle of a worm under an iron-shod heel, will not alter the fact that the prohibition problem has entered upon a new phase. First of all, Catholic doctrine on the distinction between temperance and "dryness" has been made quite plain. No process of reasoning and no threats will make the men and women for whom Cardinal Hayes and Cardinal O'Connell are spokesmen consider as vile and outlawed something their Master chose as one of the elements of His supreme Bequest. On the other hand, a body of citizens of unquestioned respectability is on record that sobriety by enactment has failed, and its view meets with the approval of a goodly number of spiritual leaders even though this does not happen to include the Episcopal bishop of New York. These men think they perceive (and their right to give a voice to their perceptions is as yet intact) that the attempt to make men sober by law has not only resulted in greater evils than it was aimed to cure, but that their own efforts to teach the virtue of temperance have been superseded without being helped. Threat and persuasion may have their seasons. But men are not to be threatened and persuaded simultaneously. Not for the first time the appeal to physical force has left moral force handling blunted and untempered weapons. The Times puts the matter very cogently when it laments that "the drys put the cart before the horse . . . First the law that millions scorn, then their social education is to be pressed." If the temper with which men are prepared to listen to such a crusade for observance as Bishop Manning belatedly proposes is not the same as it would have been fifteen or twenty years ago, and if public opinion, as months and years pass, seems to be drifting away from enforcement rather than massing behind it, the fault must lie at the doors of the clumsy surgeons who, in trying to extirpate the abuse, cut deep into living tissue. All present signs indicate that the reluctance of politicians to face the problem fairly and squarely is nearing the end to which all such insincere expedients are foredoomed. Public opinion is taking the matter out of their hands, and is itself making prohibition the major domestic issue.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE Industrial Conference called by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor commented upon many theoretic and practical aspects of life as the woman in industry sees it. Though many of the speakers were still firmly rooted in the older modes of feminism, there was also observable a tendency to disclaim for woman any special or "class" code. Particular interest attached to the lively discussion of whether labor legislation was the right road to the achievement of what feminine labor is seeking. Miss Josephine Casey, for instance, discountenanced legal action, saying that "the only thing we want is a chance to develop our own strength and personality, and to do things for ourselves. Women should concentrate upon organization." In rebuttal to these opinions, such women as Miss Mabel Leslie, representing the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, declared that "we must cling to our right to ask our representatives in the legislatures to raise our standards." Obviously, the present widespread tendency to achieve labor reforms through non-political organization is no longer a stranger to feminine groups. In his address for the Catholic point of view, Dr. John M. Cooper stated: "In helping to put into effect a concrete program for the woman in industry, the Church, in accordance with the spirit of religious action, depends primarily upon the use of social education and moral suasion. This is not to say, however, that it must shrink from advocating legal compulsion in so far as such legislative action may be called for to serve the ends of justice." The problem indicated is sure to become increasingly important.

THE National Council of Catholic Women, through the agencies of its aggressive New York chapter, is promoting a series of lectures on international relations. Some of the topics discussed will be the doctrine and economics of world affairs, the Locarno compact, and the international influence of the Papacy; and the list of speakers is headed by Professor Parker Thomas Moon. The course will open on February 19, at the Catholic Club, New York City, and in all likelihood an effort will be made to broadcast the various speeches so that their influence can be extended to a larger audience. It is interesting to observe that this first effort on the part of American Catholics to correlate opinions upon one of the most vital aspects of contemporary public life is almost simultaneous with the discussion of international relations at this year's "Social Week," in France. Scholarly consideration of the important problems created by modern commercial and political rivalry ought to bear fruit in a wider public understanding of what can be done to secure peace. For its part, The Commonweal, having opened its columns to articles on the topics which the speakers are to deal with, feels that, though the majority of citizens are comparatively indifferent to questions as wide as the world in their scope, a growing few are steadily more and more aware that American interest in the business of peace is equivalent to a full performance of civic duty.

JUDGE BOWEN, a noted wit upon the English bench at the end of the last century, once told an over-energetic counsel who appeared before him that he could teach him "law, but not manners." No one expects good manners from the colossus who is bestriding the seven hills of Rome at the present writing, and no one gets them. The mere name "Mussolini," glimpsed in a headline, is sufficient warrant for any reader who cares to go further that he is in for a unique and yeasty brew of bombast and futurism. In his recent speech to adoring and hand-picked henchmen in the Italian chamber, "il Duce" did not mince his words. The warning to Germany would be more impressive if made to a country less chastened in spirit and ability to bandy threat with threat by a long diet of humble pie. The conditions under which the reduced Reich may continue to enjoy the friendship of her once docile ally of Rudini days—"looking you in the eye and with your hands raised above your head" —will appeal particularly to Americans who are familiar with the posture from news stories more or less headed Thugs Hold Up Store. There is also food for American thought in the statistics quoted by the leader, who adds into his total of men "ready to march at his word," 10,000,000 Italians "living abroad."

THE general truculence of their leader is reflected by a faithful press. Warnings of a general nature being in order, one is addressed to France by L' Impero

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of Rome. The republic is advised that she would do well to reduce the extent of her colonial possessions to Italy's benefit. It is pointed out with trenchant logic that the next time France fights she must do so either as Italy's enemy or ally. In the first case, the use of her colonial troops will be put out of the question by Italy's fleet. In the second eventuality, she must be prepared, in return for leave to use them, to purchase the privilege at the cost of "a good part of her African and Asiatic possessions." It will be interesting to see whether disciplinary action of any sort overtakes the editor of L' Impero, as it has already overtaken the great liberal press in Mussolini's realm. No country, even with the advantage of having scrapped the decencies of international intercourse, can afford to sow dragons' teeth broadcast. Nothing precipitated the conflict in which the Reich dream of universal dominion went glimmering so much as a constantly expressed determination to expand, voiced again and again by her statesmen as chorus to the obstreperous Kaiser, with a general vagueness as to the country or countries at whose expense the expansion was to be made. It is rather singular that Fascist Italy should take it upon herself to berate Germany at the very time she is busy copying all Germany's mistakes.

THE early instalments of Colonel House's story, based upon letters and diaries of intimate historical significance, have appeared in the New York Herald-Tribune. Plainly, the Colonel has clipped the wings of his chance to rival Pepys by entrusting the entire work to the hands of an historian. Ultimate candor disappears under the careful gloss of editorial fingers. But even so, the narrative is satisfactorily satirical and malevolent. In the approved modern fashion, august statesmen and their hungry hangers-on appear for a moment in disarray, forgetful of exposure all too evident to the shrewd, spectatorial Colonel who knows politics well enough to guess the path of breeze as well as tornado. A careful eye can really gather a picture of official Washington from these clippings and memorials; but what is missing is a Colonel who is more substantial than a wraith. The man was most effective when he was a man of mystery; he becomes almost ineffective when, in the narrative he constructs, he comes to resemble a masterly card-player who can make a grand slam with a poor hand. But there are few records which the American people will follow with keener interest—the fleeting, numberless impressions of Woodrow Wilson in the process of construction into a world figure whom many have damned and just as many glorified, but who, in the ultimate analysis, is "the man whom nobody ever knew."

IT must have occurred to Captain Ramon Franco, pilot of the Spanish seaplane which was the first to cross the south Atlantic, that he was following pretty closely in the footsteps of Columbus. The terror of seas unknown, and the possible horror of the outcome of that first venture through the gates of the setting sun, was not attendant upon this smooth and steady hum across charted waters; but it was, nevertheless, a voyage without precedent and rich in potential consequences of many kinds. Like the Santa Maria, Captain Franco's vessel lingered in the harbor for the same blessing which has guided Christian courage since long before Castile was wedded to Aragon—the solemn petition of the Mass and the benediction with a reliquary. In this way a noble tradition is continued, and modern inventions like old customs are sanctified. But the road to new achievement—tightening the bonds of common culture and developing the growing riches of commerce between ancient Spain and its former colonies—was also plainly indicated by the success of the Plus Ultra. Though aviation is still largely a thing of mystery and almost poetic intangibleness, it can be the serviceable link between ports and markets. Evidently, the present Spanish government is alive to both aspects of the matter. The announcement that 31,000,000 pesetas have been appropriated for the construction of an airport at Seville, which will house Zeppelin ships adapted to long trade-voyages, is one of the most important entries yet written into the annals of the air. Who knows but what history may again undertake its eternal repetition, and new gold be carried in the galleons of a new age by more peaceful conquistadores?

GOLDEN honors from the royal treasury and the homage of the King's accolade are not trinkets to which American sailors are over-accustomed. But it was really spontaneous generosity which stirred England to cheer another romance of the sea which has brought the world to attention—romance of the sort which Conrad made immortal, and which has thrilled readers since Shakespeare brought the wrack and Neapolitan royalty under the wand of Prospero. But, though the gallant commander of the Roosevelt carried on his thrilling rescue with hard work and sacrifice, the story of the Antinoe is almost more magical than old romance. It is a tale of a plea for help coming out of the darkness and the roar of waters—a plea so faint and helpless that it seemed, in that devastating clash of the elements, almost the outcry of a child. It is also the story of disciplined adventure, which gave life for the lives of others and asked for the prompt decision that wins fierce battles. Small wonder that Captain George Fried and his crew, arrived in England with the rescued men and their skipper, were received with an ovation that the ancient princes might well have envied. And yet it is even more wonderful that somewhere in that tremendous expanse of watery loneliness, heroes went to their death in a moment that will be remembered. Such men join hands with Trafalgar and the expedition of Magellan in the deathless greeting of those who gained

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a victory over the oldest and most baffling of the enemies of humankind.

THE Holy Year that has been ended by His Holiness in Rome has been extended for 1926 to the entire world. In an especial manner will be celebrated the Holy Year of Spain, where, by a bull of Alexander III granted in the year 1179, the shrine of the Apostle, Saint James, at Compostella, was confirmed in a privilege still more ancient, whereby its pilgrims, thronging in the old centuries from every part of the Christian world, were able to gain all the indulgences and the full jubilee in the same manner and form as held in the Roman Church. This jubilee at Santiago de Compostella was fixed upon the year when the feast of Saint James, Apostle, fell on a Sunday, and the privilege is conferred even when, as during the present year, it coincides with the universal celebration in Rome.

THE reader of mediaeval letters cannot go far without coming upon some reference to the pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella, "the Jerusalem of the West," where crusaders and troubadours crowded the shrine, where special orders of knights guarded the roads from France and Italy, or crowded the seas from England and Ireland. The list of ancient pilgrims includes practically all the famous figures of the past—emperors and their kin; saints like Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Brigid of Sweden; scholars and statesmen; rulers and exiles, crowding into the city that grew up around the shrine amid its colleges, hospitals, monasteries, and churches. The story of Compostella makes an eloquent chapter in Irish memories due to the hospitality and pity extended to refugee monks, nuns, and laity fleeing from the Protestant enactments of the north, and welcomed at Compostella for centuries. This year in the glorious shrine of Saint James, "el Botasumeiro," the giant censer, will strain from the rafters, wafting in incense a vast prayer from the heart of Spain above the heads of the Prince of Asturias and the royalties of the kingdom, and it is hoped that the throngs from the outer world will bring back the fading pictures of the days when all the world took staff and scrip, and the pilgrimage to Compostella became a never-forgotten experience.

AT a moment when there is much talk of liturgy and the revival of sacred art in the conduct of church services, it is comforting to hear Dr. Walter Henry Hall, of Columbia University, announce that an effort will be made to develop descant singing in the United States. He believes that such singing will help to foster "the religious awakening which is at hand and which this nation, so rich in materialism, sorely needs." And, indeed, this old form of popular ecclesiastical music, so familiar to Tudor England and so much an enrapturing commonplace in the great minsters, may help to deepen the sense of congregational worship. How beautiful it must have been can be guessed at from allusions scattered among the poets; and when Spenser wished to employ an image of melodic loveliness, he spoke of "the mavis descant plays." And yet it was only a simple form of variation carried over and above the theme as that was sung by boyish soprano voices—a form of counterpoint, if you will, but homely, sweet, and untechnical. Obviously, it tried to be nothing more than an Anglicized version of those hallowed, antique ecclesiastical harmonies which we call "Gregorian chant" and which might have a stronger modern appeal if we termed them "Gregorian plain-song," and followed the historical practice of blending them with variations of the sort exemplified in descant. Contemporary scholarship is almost unanimous in the belief that chanting was only the basis of the music used in Divine service, and that the governing principle was to arouse echoes of varying pitches and shades until the whole church would be filled with the triumph of song. Everybody will wish Dr. Hall the greatest success in the effort to be made.

IT was a kindly idea which suggested the tribute paid to the memory of Maurice Francis Egan under the auspices of the International Association of Arts and Letters. The prominent Washingtonians who attended the service were naturally mindful of the courtly scholar and poet who seemed himself "like a good deed in a naughty world." Especial significance was lent the occasion, however, by the presence of official representatives of Denmark, who recalled the former minister's happy and useful years in Copenhagen. Dr. Clarence Owens, president of the association, described an effort to which Dr. Egan had contributed a great deal by reason of his Danish experience, and which is both so important and so little known that it deserves mention. "Fourteen years ago Dr. Egan was invited to deliver a series of addresses throughout the United States on the question of Danish coöperation and standardization," said the speaker. "His patriotic and unselfish service in this work was one of the chief inspirations that led to the organization of the American commission, under the auspices of the Southern Commercial Congress, that made its investigations of agricultural economics and coöperation in eighteen countries of Europe. Its report is the basis of the federal farm-loan act, under which approximately two billion dollars have been loaned to American farmers, stabilizing and regenerating rural America." Versatility was a trait of character as native to Dr. Egan as good humor and fantasy; but he displayed it always with a grace and tact which today seem to have perished.

THE supreme challenge to man's estimates of himself is flung by the irony of death, who is an artist knowing the pertinence of sharp contrasts. Gay crowds were touched momentarily by the knowledge that the beauty of Barbara Lamar, the Nell Gwynn of the

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screen, was ended, and some few smiled at the verses which constituted her pathetic attempt to express her soul. But, perhaps, there was really much of the spirit in this all too lovely, careless creature, raised from humdrum poverty by the wonder of her face—cast like a fringed gentian to the giddiest of winds. It is something of a sacrificial tragedy, this mingling of fame and ashes in the heart of a girl. But while the idol lay shattered, an old woman sank lifeless in the cheapest room of a Brooklyn boarding-house, beside a pile of worn clothes that needed washing. And above her wan figure which all the world had forgotten, there was the copy of a song, I Found Her Among the Lilies, by Ida Fithian Hinman, M.S., M.A. She had been very proud of both the music and the degrees. To the older America, long before movies had been followed by the radio, she had been a familiar Methodist hymn-writer and revivalist. Perhaps her tunes were really very terrible. In all likelihood the poor woman herself, under her prim little hat, rather shadowed the prospect of companionship. But in all truth she had stood for a different view of successful womanhood than had been cherished by homeless little Barbara; and her whole career was probably made up of daily dozens to the tune of Excelsior. Well, death is a great leveler. If we read these two stories in the annals of a vanished Arabian city, which woman should we honor most?

BIBLIOPHILES are not alone in observing the centenary of James Fennimore Cooper's most renowned novel, The Last of the Mohicans. We have lived a long while since that drowsy evening when a bored husband tossed aside the story he had been reading to his wife, and vowed he could do better himself. But we have not been served with another romance of the American development at all worthy of comparison with the dramatic adventures of Chingachgook and Uncas. What odds if these Indians—and more especially the heroines often associated with them—wear at least as much stage paint as war paint? Cooper gave us the picture we dearly wished to have, and which could be somewhat more easily painted in days when the breath of pine was not wholly alien even to Manhattan. Time was when people questioned the value of such portraiture. But resurrection of the past is so much an instinct with all of us that the imaginative artist who can do the thing well is always sure of a welcome. California, Maryland and the Mississippi, the missions, and the afterglow of Aztec and Inca civilizations, the heroism of the servants of Christian civilization in its various forms—these still await celebration and the firm contours of imaginative life. Sometime, when the vigor of religious feeling is triumphant in a newly acquired freedom, a lover of the past will rediscover the dim spiritual trails, the forests, and the star-lit settlements, and there will be a book comparable to Cooper's masterpiece.

DISILLUSIONMENT OF LORRAINE

THERE is a considerable difference between the drums of victory and the summonses of government. For the Third Republic, contemporary affairs are an almost perpetual reminder of this difference. It is not merely a question of finance, of party leadership, or even of changing régimes: it is, considering the acute problem of Alsace-Lorraine, a question of the national life and honor. Observers have long been conscious of profound disaffection throughout the recovered provinces, growing out of antagonism to the French system of government and to the Herriot effort to laicize the schools. It was undoubtedly in M. Briand's mind to use the Locarno treaties as a barrier to any possible efforts which might be made by Alsatians to promote a re-affiliation with Germany. But, as was pointed out by Herr Koch in the Reichstag session which considered the adoption of these treaties, the Reich, while renouncing the conquest of lost territories by "arms," does not surrender the chance to "enter by peaceful means." Nor have French students of political affairs been slow to see that a crisis imperils domestic peace and the tranquillity of Europe.

The review Notre Droit, published in Strasbourg to promote coöperation between the Catholics of Alsace-Lorraine and those of France generally, is obliged to concede in its most recent issue that the force of a powerful public opinion is endangering this coöperation. Though the school question is no longer the topic of furious controversy, many feel that calm is merely temporary and that renewed efforts will be made to abolish the existing concordat with Rome. On the other hand, the French senator, Frédéric Eccard, has sounded an alarm in two recent and well-documented articles. He envisages the problem from three points of view: the anger of Alsace-Lorraine, as reflected in the press, individual comment, and political organization; the eagerness of Germany to promote her interests in provinces which undoubtedly owe her much for good government and industrial prosperity; and the dilatory policy of the Paris government which deals with local problems in a stand-offish manner. "We need stability, authority, and competence," he says, urging the need for a distinct secretariat able to deal with Alsatian affairs from a first-hand knowledge of what they are.

This situation is just another result of the lamentable déshabille of the French moral and political mind. Even the most partisan of governments ought to realize that religious peace is indispensable to amity between France and Alsace. Nothing disturbing to that peace ought to be tolerated even in the interests of civic success. Yet the stupid palaver continues in the mouths of men whom neither tradition nor training has prepared for the government of a nation. Perhaps this missing tradition and training would also have suggested that the hope for France lies in a steadily widened decentralization.

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DISCIPLINE FOR THE SOUL

OLD-WORLD countries treasure certain forms of spiritual culture which have almost become institutions. The Lenten sermons at Notre Dame of Paris, the pilgrimages to Lourdes, or the annual German Catholic congresses, are of national importance. They are respected summonses to consider the soul's fortunes. Is there anything similar in the United States? Perhaps we have not instituted any single event which arrests the attention given in Germany to the liturgical addresses of Romano Guardini, or any movement so expressive of modern fervor as the English Evidence guild. But we are beginning to realize that there is developing here a form of spiritual activity which gives promise of eclipsing even these in value. Retreats for laymen, as fostered during recent years, have satisfied the widespread desire for a deeper life of the spirit—the instinct for interior discipline which is alive in many whom the constant pressure of business or professional activity deprives of the leisure to consider more abiding realities. Today these retreats are given under the auspices of a kindly, peaceful ideal which is both so new and so promising that one cannot praise it too highly.

Everyone has heard of Mount Manresa, the Staten Island foundation where thousands of busy men gather constantly for a few days' respite from material affairs. It renders a service to metropolitan New York which is inestimably valuable for spiritual, moral, and cultural reasons.

But Mount Manresa is no longer the only institution of its kind. The Jesuit fathers have opened, at Los Altos, California, a retreat house charmingly named El Retiro San Inigo, where as many men as can be accommodated gather during week-ends. A still more impressive work has been carried on by the Men of Malvern, a Philadelphia organization which is described in an interesting communication from Mr. Francis P. Murphy, secretary of the Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Service. We quote at length from this communication both because it is intrinsically valuable, and because it can be considered typical of what a great number of men, in all walks of life, would say of their experience with retreats. It is a kind of advertisement to which many signatures might be appended.

"Several years ago," writes Mr. Murphy, "a salesman who was representing his firm in Philadelphia found that his appointments in New York would compel him to remain there over the week-end. As he walked down Barclay street, his attention was arrested by people going into old Saint Peter's Church. He followed them, and when leaving, noticed a placard in the vestibule announcing retreats for laymen at Mount Manresa. He had never heard about them. He made inquiries and learned that a retreat would begin that Friday evening and end Monday morning. He made a reservation; and, like all who make their first retreat, the experience proved a revelation to him. Never before had he obtained so clear a perspective of the greatest business of life—his soul's salvation; never before had he attempted so complete a spiritual inventory; and never before had he listened to so vivid a portrayal, irresistibly logical and eloquent, of eternal scenes.

"When this gentleman returned to his friends in Philadelphia, he wished them to know and experience the influence which had come into his life. So earnestly, ardently, and insistently did he urge upon them the mastery of grace through a retreat that a few of his friends agreed to make the trip to Mount Manresa. Upon their return, an enthusiastic campaign was inaugurated with the result that the late Father Terence Shealy, the first great director of retreats in America, was induced to come to Overbrook, Pennsylvania. His idea was so thoroughly "sold" to the Catholic men of Philadelphia that they formed an organization, since grown to great size, which is called the Men of Malvern. They have acquired 100 acres of beautiful land just outside of Philadelphia and have erected there a magnificent chapel and retreat house which provide amply for the spiritual rejuvenation and comfort of large crowds of laymen every week-end of the year."

The successful work chronicled in Mr. Murphy's communication is its own best plea for what might be done elsewhere. Retreat from the world for a brief space during which one lives with first and last things is an ideal which many men of different creeds venerate. It answers a fundamental need of the human spirit. Catholics can obtain the blessing of its consolation and discipline so much more readily than others that increasingly large numbers will take advantage of the opportunity as soon as they understand it fully. In this way the privileges of faith will be safeguarded; the urge to carry on the abiding Christian tasks will be strengthened; and momentum will be lent the effort to oppose to the prevailing forces of viciousness and debauchery the sterling strength which —to use an old word which is never quite platitudinous —is manhood.

And everyone can see readily what significance there lies in the fact that the Laymen's League for Retreats is also the Laymen's League for Social Service. The two things—the discovery of duty and its performance—go hand in hand. Small wonder, then, that the voice of the reigning Pontiff has expressed an earnest approval of the endeavor: "We wish earnestly that the making of these spiritual exercises should daily spread wider and wider abroad; and that those houses of devotion, into which men withdraw for a whole month, or for several days, there to put themselves into training for the perfect Christian life, may come into being everywhere more and more numerously, and may flourish."

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WHERE FRANCE STANDS TODAY

By ERNEST DIMNET

HOW does the French situation appear to most people in the United States? The answer is easy. Apart from the élite in America which is devoted to French culture and realizes that a weakening of it would be a disaster to the world, the average newspaper reader, especially in the West, largely shares the views expressed by Senator Borah in his illuminating correspondence with Mr. Piez, chairman of the Association of Illinois Manufacturers. France, these people think, is a rich country which various causes, especially its militarism, prevent from utilizing its wealth. The French are insufficiently taxed (this repeated ad nauseam, even since Professor Moulton showed the absurdity of the charge) and they do not even take the trouble to collect the revenue from those insufficient taxes; their politics is unintelligible to anybody except themselves; outsiders are so disgusted with their everlasting changes of government that they do not even take the trouble to read Paris correspondence any more. "Hopeless muddle!" is the conclusion, with a not infrequently expressed prayer that a French Mussolini may arise to whip everybody back to their places. "Latins!" is another refrain, even where Mussolini has just been invoked, but when the average American says "Latin" he thinks of Mexico much more than of Rome, whether ancient or modern, and contempt is in his soul.

As a matter of fact, French politics is perfectly simple to anybody who takes the trouble to master the elements of this republic's Constitution, but few people will give themselves this trouble. Even in England, six hours from Paris, I find constantly that men and women interested in French affairs vitiate their whole outlook because they will forget the two great facts separating English from French politics, viz., the very exceptional, almost dictatorial character of a dissolution; and, second, the insignificance of supposed leaders as compared with their groups. It is not, as I have read many times in the London papers, because M. Briand represented France at Locarno that he is now prime minister, but because the centre of the majority in the Chamber has moved from the semi-Socialist groups represented by M. Herriot or M. Painlevé to more conservative ones. We are in the presence of a purely political phenomenon, and there is an entirely political aspect in our financial difficulties. It is this aspect that ought to be understood and can be explained with perfect clarity.

Exactly two years ago, M. Poincaré found himself confronted with a sudden slump of the franc brought about by a coup in Vienna rather similar to the present forgery attack in Hungary. He met this attack with remarkable sang-froid. All the taxes were raised by 20 percent overnight, and a loan offered by J. P. Morgan and Company enabled the government to transform the Austrian bears into bulls till the London press, always tender to Jewish speculation, deprecated what it called the cruelty of the French treasury. The whole thing was done in fine style and impressed the whole world with a high idea of the financial vitality of France.

Since then everything has tended to produce an absolutely contrary impression. Why? The reason is obvious: M. Poincaré could count at every moment on a solid conservative majority of 400 in a Chamber of 600, and his position in the Senate was good. On the contrary, the general election of May, 1924, has created an unstable situation. In the first place, the majority in the Chamber is of an advanced character whereas the Senate remains moderate. In the second place, the majority, even in the Chamber, has not been homogeneous. It consisted, at the time of the election, of 106 Socialists and about 250 Radicals (corresponding to the British Liberals) united for purely electoral purposes in what was called the Cartel des Gauches. Now, it is a law of French politics that in advanced groups the more advanced elements lead. This law was once more verified in 1924—the nominal premier was M. Herriot, but the real ruler was M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader. Hence financial measures of a violent character and a threat of a capital levy, which scared capital away.

Foreign writers often harp on the selfishness of the French taxpayer doing all he can to evade taxation. It might be pointed out that in America, for instance, conversations, during the year 1924, were mostly devoted to taxation and its "remedies," and to prohibition and its "possibilities." Yet most people believed in the Coolidge government. On the contrary, the French capitalist did not believe either in M. Blum's methods for obtaining money or in M. Herriot's channels wherein to divert it. Hence the resistance which enables foreign correspondents to indulge in facile indignation. Hence also the resistance, first of the Senate and gradually of the Chamber.

In the spring of 1925 the Senate, discovering that M. Herriot, unauthorized by anybody, had secretly printed four billion francs' worth of bills, outvoted him by a significant majority. M. Painlevé, who succeeded him, did all he could at first to restore unity and consequently credit—he stopped the miserable incipient effort toward religious persecution, and entrusted French finance to M. Caillaux who is advanced in politics but distinctly conservative about taxation. The results were excellent till, in October, 1925, a convention of the Radicals at Nice, moved once more

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by entirely political considerations, visualized a reformation of the Cartel, even should it mean the restoration of Socialist hegemony. Immediately, M. Caillaux had to resign and the capital levy was again in the air, with a corresponding effort of capital to protect itself. This time a large radical section in the Chamber, the Gauche Radicale, numbering forty-five deputies led by M. Loucheur, seceded from the Cartel and went over to the Moderates, thereby causing the fall of M. Painlevé and the advent of that old representative of moderation, M. Briand. The conclusion to be derived from these facts must be that, in spite of the Red election of May, 1924, the majority, not only in the Senate but even in the Chamber, is opposed to wild socialistic taxation.

The situation was such when on January 2 the Senate and Chamber went into a ten days' recess. A week later a Socialist convention, which arrested everybody's attention, was held in Paris. The Radical politicians, during the past weeks, had been urgently and often humbly imploring their former associates, the Socialists, to realize that, should they persist in standing aloof, the Reactionaries would be sure to have it all to themselves. A section of the Socialists, under M. Renaudel, shared in this view and championed the formation of a new cabinet in which the Socialists would be on a footing of equality with the Radicals.

Another and more powerful section, led by M. Blum and M. Paul Faure, remonstrated with a good deal of common sense that even if such a combination were given a chance, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was given in England, it would not last a week owing to the presence of a hostile majority. The vote, on January 12, went in favor of the Socialists continuing in opposition, and the situation is now as clear as crystal.

It can be summed up by saying that the results of the Red election of May, 1924, have been nullified by the development and gradual realization of financial difficulties, so that M. Briand's present position is not dissimilar from that of M. Poincaré in the preceding Chamber.

As M. Briand is, in foreign affairs, an internationalist, and in home politics and finance a Moderate, intelligent observers abroad should rejoice at the comparative stability and security of his situation.

Its first consequence will be the possibility for the government to enforce the measures recently taken by M. Doumer, the present minister of finance, toward stabilization. M. Doumer is not a financial genius; he is only a sound stolid expert at budget making, and few people can be less magnetic. It is not surprising, therefore, if he is meeting with some opposition in the Finance committee of the Chamber, and if critics point out that it took no great intellectual effort to decree, first, what is euphemistically called a "recall" of last year's taxes, that is to say, a supplement of one-third of them, to be paid before May 1; second, a rise of 100 percent on the tax on the commercial turnover which the Socialists, on the contrary, wanted to suppress; third, a rise on tobacco which the lower classes may resent; and fourth, a tax on all payments, of whatever kind, which, it is argued, ought to fall exclusively on luxuries. But the chief thing at the present moment is to balance the budget and to settle the foreign debts of France in order to liberate the American capital eager to pour into French enterprises as it has poured into Germany during the past two years. When the budget is balanced minor details can be adjusted.

On the whole, the political and, consequently, the financial situation of France shows a marked improvement owing to the strengthening of the Moderates, now represented by M. Briand, while the very encouraging, if belated, declaration of Secretary Mellon, published on January 6, concerning the interest of America in an easy settlement of the debts, also invites a degree of optimism which, two months ago, would have been unfounded.

Desideratus Mercier

Go down, Tall Priest, to the iron sea;
Slough the old cross of clay and bone;
Kneel, and whatever gods there be
Let them proclaim you for their own.

Under your cassock shines your sword;
The open Book is in your hand;
You knew, and taught, and spoke the Word
Of high insuperable command.

No steel was sharper than the lance
Of scorn you hurled at Belgium's foes;
Under the glacier of your glance
A hot, invading torrent froze.

Your spired cathedral fell; each stone
Rained like a death upon your head;
You stood in the red storm alone,
Comforting all, uncomforted.

And mitred only by your soul
Drew round you all your ravaged flock;
Laying aside your scholar's scroll
You were their refuge and their rock.

The tired earth, like a broken wheel
May falter on its track of dust,
But you, strong-sinewed with the steel
Of man's immortal, Godward thrust,

Have broken the clay bonds of fear,
And blazing into astral flame,
Have set a new star in the tier
Of comets hallowing His Name.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

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AN EDITOR'S PROGRESS

II. THE DOUGLAS REVELATION

By A. R. ORAGE

THE doubts that haunted me regarding the practicability of National Guilds (or, as it was sometimes called without my approval, guild socialism) were concerned with something more important than the viability of the idea. The rank and file of the trade-unions were under lock and key of their officials, the latter were hot on quite another scent from ours—namely, their social ambition by the political agency of their unions—and the general public, as always, whatever its attitude toward guilds, was without organs—rather like an amoeba that can function only in rare states of excitement. But had these circumstances been altogether otherwise and quite favorable, my embarrassment would have been infinitely greater. Called upon, like the boys at Dotheboys Hall, to clean the "winder" I had spelled, my suspicion of its misspelling would have been confirmed. For the truth is that I knew, without being able exactly to diagnose it, that the whole idea of National Guilds, as formulated by Mr. S. G. Hobson and myself, and elaborated by Messrs. Cole, Reckitt and others, was wanting in some vital part. Somehow or other it would not "work" in my mind; the idea did not inspire my confidence. And the trouble was always of the same nature—the relation of the whole scheme to the existing, or any prospective system of money.

Many were the discussions between Mr. Hobson and myself during the drafting of the first official exposition of National Guilds; and the chapter on the finance of the guilds was, I remember, a torture to us both. Mr. Hobson, with his eager mind, was disposed to trust to the washing, so to speak. Everything would work out in practice that we could not clearly see in theory. After all, we must leave something to be done! But I was not satisfied that we had even the principle correct; and my conscience would not allow me to sleep in faith of the future. I read all my economic literature again with special attention to the problems of money. Every "crank" on the subject was eagerly welcome to my time and consideration. Still the solution eluded me; and in the end I decided to remain neutral as regards both the textbook itself and the National Guilds league that was founded on it.

The great war put an end to many things and many ideas; and among the latter was undoubtedly guild socialism. We woke from the evil dream shortly after the Armistice; and in the horrible light of morning we began to count our losses. For me personally the realization of the complete disappearance of the guild idea as a living potency brought no sense of disappointment, but rather of relief. My former colleagues, however, were only disappointed; they were not, as yet, in despair. On the other hand, it was difficult to carry on a journal that lived by ideas in the absence of any living idea; and between two worlds, one dead and the other powerless to be born, the editorship of the political section of the New Age became extremely irksome. My mind functioned on events with the monotony of a recurring decimal; and my only relief from the situation was interest in the literary style of my political notes. And assuredly that would not last me very long.

One day, about a year after the Armistice, there came to my office, with a personal introduction from my ex-colleague, Mr. Holbrook Jackson, a man who was destined to affect a beneficent revolution in my state of mind. Major C. H. Douglas, so it soon appeared, had been already for nearly a year engaged in trying his ideas upon various persons and personages, political and journalistic. His ideas concerned the problems of finance; and I quickly gathered that they were difficult to understand and had been "turned down" or refused a patient hearing wherever Major Douglas had adventured them. This was nothing to me, who had often boasted that the New Age owed its "brilliance" to the rejected stones of the ordinary builders; and everything about Major Douglas made him personally and intellectually attractive. He had been assistant-director of the government aircraft factory during the war; he was a first-rate engineer; he had encountered financial problems practically as well as theoretically; and he appeared and proved to be the most perfect gentleman I had ever met. His knowledge of economics was extraordinary; and from our very first conversation, everything he said concerning finance in its relation to industry—and, indeed, to industrial civilization as a whole—gave me the impression of a master-mind perfectly informed upon its special subject. After years of the closest association with him, my first impression has only been intensified. In the scores of interviews we had together with bankers, professors of economics, politicians and business men, I never saw him so much as at a moment's loss of complete mastery of his subject. Among no matter what experts, he made them look and talk like children.

The subject itself, however, even in the hands of a master, is not exactly easy; and, in fact, it compares in economics with, let us say, time and space in physics. By the same token, Douglas is the Einstein of economics; and in my judgment as little likely to be com-

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prehended practically. In other words, a good deal of sweat is necessary to understand Douglas; and, with our absurd modern habit of assuming that any theory clearly stated must be immediately intelligible to the meanest and laziest intellect, very few will be the minds to devote the necessary time and labor to the matter. I was in all respects exceptionally favorably placed to make a fairly quick response. I had time, and, from my long experience with literary geniuses, almost illimitable patience; I was vitally interested in the subject, having not only exhausted every other, but been convinced that the key to my difficulties lay in it; and, above all, Douglas himself was actively interested in my instruction. He said many things in our first talk that blinded me with light; and thereafter I lost no opportunity of talking with him, listening to him talk, reading new and old works on finance, with all the zest of an enthusiastic pupil. Even with these advantages, it was a slowish business; and my reflections on the stupidity of the present-day students of Douglas are generously tempered by the recollection of my own. It was a full year from beginning to study his ideas before I arrived at complete understanding. Then all my time and labor were justified.

For anything like a full presentation of the Douglas ideas, students looking for a long row to hoe may be directed to the increasing body of literature on the subject, inaugurated by the volume in which I more or less collaborated with Douglas himself—Economic Democracy. There followed Douglas's Credit-Power and Democracy, and several others; and, later, a host of summaries and discussions. Furthermore, the New Age under my successor more than admirably continues the weekly exposition which I had begun and carried on for three years. Certainly there is no lack of light on the subject today; but only the usual poverty of eyes and understanding.

At the outset, and after inspiring my confidence in his ability to give me more than he took away, Major Douglas set himself, as it were, to dispose of three of the enormous fallacies under which I and my colleagues (and, let me add, the vast majority of social reformers of every school) had been laboring. The first concerned the limitations of production. Hand on your hearts, do you not take it as a matter of course that the predominant practical problem of civilization is production, and how to keep it increasing step by step with the increasing demands of civilization? Be sincere; is not every proposal, Socialist, Labor, or Progressive, for better distribution haunted by the spectre of a limited and possibly diminishing production? It is perfectly certain that such is the case, and the fiasco of the Labor government in England, as well as of every attempt to equalize distribution, is sufficient evidence of the power of the spectre of limited production.

Major Douglas did nothing to theorize the spectre away; he simply confronted it with facts; and the facts did the rest. For instance, he pointed to what was obvious to everybody in the actual statistics of war-production. With millions of the best workmen absent in the army, with an incredible consumption of supplies, not only everybody in England during the war was better off than ever before, but the surplus stocks of perfectly good materials remaining after the war were a mountain of menace to the restoration of the pre-war industrial system. It was calculated, in fact, that with all the handicaps of the war, production in England increased many hundreds percent. Lest it be imagined that this was due to imported goods, procured on credit, it may be said that England's exports and re-exports during this period were vastly in excess of its imports. In other words, the net output of England at war exceeded its peace output by several times. But the war was a special occasion, it may be said; and I did not fail to make the objection to Major Douglas; whereupon he directed attention to the normal facts of peaceful industry. So far from production being limited by nature or by invention, there appears to be an unconscious but active conspiracy on the part of the industrial system artificially to restrict it. At any given moment only a percentage of our resources is being employed. Fields, factories, and workshops, all competent to produce, stand idle at the very same time that the labor and invention to utilize them are idle too.

The world habitually produces only a tithe of what we have actually in hand the means to produce; and the world's powers of production are increasing simultaneously with the reduction of the world's actual output. Sabotage, limitation of production, and all the other devices for restricting output go along side by side with the old complaint that production is our chief difficulty. Not production, as every business man or economist will admit, is truly our practical difficulty—but how to limit it to a diminishing demand, without falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. How the deuce are we to safeguard industries, established upon a certain price-basis, against discoveries and inventions calculated to increase supply and reduce prices? That, not the fear of a limit to productivity, is the actuality of the ghost in question. In other words, the popular ghost of a natural limitation upon production is only a superstition to conceal the real spectre of a naturally unlimited production. It would be fatal to the existing system to have it realized that in actual fact there is enough and to spare for a world of millionaires—such is the proven abundance of nature and the proven invention of man.

This realization, which I owed to Major Douglas, threw a devastating light on many of my previous working hypotheses. Most of them, in fact, would not work any longer; and my attitude toward economics and politics began to change rapidly. The guild idea, based upon the paramount necessity of in-

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creased production, lost one of its limbs; and another was doomed to disappear with Major Douglas's demonstration that individual work is not a just prior condition of individual income; in short, that every member of the community, as such, is justly entitled to a social dividend, work or no work.

What a rumpus the New Age created in the Socialist and Labor camps when first this defense of dividends for everybody, irrespective of work, made its appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb were touched to their puritanic quick. Never, they said, would they countenance a proposal to give every citizen his birthright of an annual share of the communal production. Such a distribution would make future social reforms unnecessary; and where would the Fabians be then, poor things?

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, with his workhouse scheme of a universal dividend in return for a universal industrial service, was silently contemptuous of Douglas. As a matter of fact, perhaps, he had long ceased to feel in any possible need of a new idea; and his juggling with his old ideas was sufficiently skilful to continue to deceive his public that he was still learning.

But the most bitter objection came, of course, from the Labor officials and the class-Socialists whose bread of life depended upon diatribes against "unearned incomes." Our simple little proposal to put everybody upon an "unearned income" threatened to take the bread out of their mouths; and tart and many were the comments we drew from them.

Nevertheless, the idea when considered without an axe to grind is obvious enough. The community is not only the ultimately legitimate owner, partly by inheritance and partly by current labor, of its whole productive mechanism; but, though it may be true that every individual must be ready to work if called upon, it is absurd to require, as a condition of receiving his share of his own, that every individual shall work, even in the absence of any demand for his services. What! Is industry to be compelled by society to employ men who are unfit, only because society refuses an income to its members unless they are employed? Not to exaggerate, it is probable that a greater output —that is, more for everybody—could be obtained today by restricting the right to "work" to the fit half of those now employed, retiring the rest on a liberal annual dividend to join the army of the so-called privileged classes. At any rate, that is what I came clearly to see under the influence of Major Douglas's ideas; and such is my conviction today.

These blows to my previous opinions, however, were only preliminary to the blow that shattered the faith upon which, it appears to me, the whole of the Socialist, the whole of the Labor, and the whole of the Progressive case rests—namely, the belief that economically there is any magic in ownership. The poor old world has been misled by personal associations and by phrases into the fatal error of mistaking ownership for control. Only the extremely able few who own nothing and control everything know better. In this respect, I confess that when beginning the formulation of National Guilds we took the current misconception for granted. The wage-earners were slaves because they had no property in their employers' industry; and having no proprietary interest in the business they were, on that account alone, excluded from both its management and its control.

The extension of ownership to management and control was logical; and our only originality lay in thinking that we could acquire a share in practical ownership by demanding at the outset a share in practical control and management. Here, again, Major Douglas depended for his case upon no counter-theory; but upon accessible, intelligible and, indeed, obvious facts. If ownership spells control, then why do not owners of fields, factories, and workshops control at least their own production? Having the equipment, the materials and the labor, why do their factories ever stand idle, their fields go out of cultivation and their workshops rust for want of use? Or, again, why, with so many offers open to them of complete ownership, have the trade-unions steadily refused (and more wisely than they knew) to exercise its alleged privileges and powers? The answer is, of course, to be found in the fact that ownership of a means of production gives control to the degree that the product is in economic demand; and this, in turn, obviously depends upon price. Since neither any single manufacturer nor any combination of manufacturers, as such, can or does control prices, their ownership of the means of production has only a contingent value. Real control of the market, and hence of the means of production, lies elsewhere.

I must defer to a final occasion even a brief outline of the Douglas case for the reference of control to the financial system. At present it is enough to say that with my Socialist king-pin of faith in the sovereignty of ownership knocked out, my whole elaborate structure of National Guilds fell all to pieces. A fragment, perhaps, escaped the catastrophe with its life; there is an idea in guilds that will probably always seek incarnation.

But all the rest of the social invention appeared both theoretically and practically worthless. Not only would the wage-earners never obtain ownership of the communal means of production, but it would not do them the slightest good if they did. No more than the present owners could they control demand; no more than the present owners could they control prices; and no more, in consequence, than the present owners, could they guarantee either production or work or wages. Farewell the dream of a Socialist state erected, even with all modern improvements, upon the pathetic fallacy of Marx! Every serious attempt to realize it must end in a Bolshevik nightmare.

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THE REVELLER

A Play in One Act

By DANIEL SARGENT

Joseph and Andrew, two militiamen of Assisi set to guard the Bishop's palace where Saint Francis lies dying.

Guido, the young reveller who would out-match Saint Francis in singing.

The Consul, an officer of Assisi who would keep order in the town.

Elias, a friar who talks for Saint Francis when the Saint is too weak to speak.

Friars, soldiers and citizens, who make up the crowd and the procession.

The act is divided into four scenes, but there is no curtain, and no change of scenery.

(*Scene I—The bishop's palace is in the background. One window of it is dimly lighted. It is night. Joseph and Andrew are guarding the gate before the palace. They carry pikes.*)

JOSEPH—Andrew, you heard that sound?

ANDREW—That sound! What sound?

(*At first he speaks slowly as if asleep, then he is startled.*)

Where am I? Thieves and robbers! Hold your ground.

JOSEPH—Hush, you will wake the Bishop.

ANDREW—Wake the earth.

I'm set to guard this door. I'll show my worth.

(*He brandishes his pike at the darkness.*)

Come on, you, out of the dark there, if you dare.

JOSEPH—Andrew, you're half asleep. There's no one there.

ANDREW—It looks like a robber's eye. I thought you said

Someone was coming. You put it in my head.

JOSEPH—I was asking you a question. Did you hear

That sound from the palace? I couldn't believe my ear.

ANDREW—Sound! I've been standing here the live-long night,

You at my side, with never a thing in sight

Except the stars, and this earth as black as coal,

And never a sound. I was beginning to think the whole

City had died, as they say this friar will die—

This Brother Francis, whom we're guarding by.

And he a saint and we—I'll pledge my head

No one has moved tonight. Not even the dead.

JOSEPH—Then you did not hear a song?

ANDREW—I wish I could,

This night is all too solemn to do me good.

This guarding a saint is an honor I won't forget.

But the night lasts twenty nights. It's not dawn yet.

JOSEPH—Andrew, a little while ago, when all was still,

And even you seemed turned to a statue and chill,

Sudden there came from behind me, from this gloom—

This palace-wall as silent as the tomb—

A sound.

(*He hesitates.*)

ANDREW—What kind of a sound?—A groan!

If you think the Saint has died, and he's by God's throne,

Let's be the first to send to him a prayer.

Joseph, kneel down. He's dead. We'll greet him there,

(*Andrew points away from the palace to the sky.*)

JOSEPH—It was no groan. It was a song, I say.

ANDREW—Some lamentation on his life's last day.

JOSEPH—Andrew, be still. You see that window there,

Which makes this house like a one-eyed beggar stare—

I mean that room where you know as well as I

Our Brother Francis is dying, or like to die—

Out from that room there came the merriest song

That I have ever heard my whole life long.

ANDREW—Joseph, you've lost your mind. You've had a dream.

(*He puts his hands on Joseph's forehead.*)

Your forehead reeks with sweat, like a kettle with steam.

Does a bishop sing as he lies in bed alone?

Do you think a friar who's dying like a stone

Has breath for ballads? Stand straighter. Be a man.

Think what your mother taught you, if you can.

Keep dreams for sleeping. So you've been asleep.

I wish I could sleep like you, I have to keep

(*He yawns.*)

Awake.

JOSEPH—I'll swear I was awake.

ANDREW—Enough of this.

Stand still and guard. That's what our business is.

(*He leans against post, nods head, and snores softly.*)

(*Scene II—The same characters are visible, but the voices of Guido and Saint Francis are heard.*)

GUIDO—(*His voice is heard off-stage to the left, singing in the distance.*)

O, since my heart is song, since my song is glee,

O, wine-cup stay along, be a bride to me.

And hold thou fast my heart

Let it not to others flee.

Thou must ne'er forget—

Lovers never part

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When true love, true love has met.
ANDREW—So that's the song you heard. I'd think you'd know.
A friar asleep from a tippler trying to crow.
If he hasn't heard what mettle is guarding here,
He'll find it out, if he comes a step more near.
If anyone sings a song on a night like this
I'll teach him respect, no matter whoever he is.
(*At this the voice of Saint Francis breaks forth from the palace.*)
SAINT FRANCIS—Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Thy creatures all;
They have for chief, our bright Sir Brother, the sun;
Our day he is, through him Thy splendors fall;
How cordial is he, with his glance for everyone.
JOSEPH—And now you've heard.
ANDREW—Joseph, we *are* asleep!
JOSEPH—It's a voice so strange. It makes my whole flesh creep.
ANDREW—Let's stretch our legs a bit. 'Twill stir the blood.
(*They walk back and forth.*)
There's a glimmer now of dawn. This does us good.
GUIDO—(*Still invisible.*)
O, kiss has answered kiss 'neath the almond bough,
O, wine, thou givest the bliss, I give thee this vow.
Thy lodge shall be my heart,
Love, live and laugh there, ever, thou.
Thou must ne'er forget:
Lovers never part
When true love, true love has met.
SAINT FRANCIS—(*As if answering, from within.*)
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for my sister clear—
The shining moon, and the stars Thou hast precious made.
For brother, the wind, and air that is ever near,
For the sky that lights, for the cloud which sends us shade.
ANDREW—Is that the friar's voice?
JOSEPH—I think it is.
Andrew, they warned me I might hear his tongue
Sing songs like this.
My bones are all unstrung.
ANDREW—And yet he'll die a saint.
JOSEPH—He will, he must.
ANDREW—I'll tell no tale on him. I'm one to trust.

(*Scene III—The same characters. The signs of dawn are in the sky. Enter Guido.*)
GUIDO—So you're my echoes, are you. (*He laughs.*) Here's some gold.
Here's that, and that. You may be stiff and old,
Like saints they carve on churches, yet you sing
Like birds in April—thanks for your welcoming.
(*Aside.*) Of all the choristers have ever been
These are the only deaf-mutes I have seen.
Don't answer, don't say "thank you." Listen now—
I know why you stand here with such sullen brow.
You're jealous that you could not sing such gay
Songs as I sang as I came up the way.
'Tis not your fault. You put things wrong-side up.
You sing about the cover, not the cup.
You talk of the sun and moon; they do exist,
But they're not the things we've frolicked with and kissed.
In fact, the sun and moon are all so high
They're lost in that great limbo of the sky.
To put my sum of wisdom in one line—
Nothing worth while grows higher than the vine.
The boundary of our every cheer and mirth
Is the roof of grapes that hangs above this earth.
Where beats our heart? Where do our ladies laugh?
Where do we feast? And where, good friends, do we quaff
The wine from that same vine? And where do the hours
Hum happier than bees? And where do the flowers
Grow hot and fragrant, glorious and bright,
And where does the dew ambrosial, fall at night
But 'neath the vine? O, sweet of sweets! The vine—
One rustling grape-leaf makes our life divine.
(*Aside.*) What lively listeners! I would rather be
A friar and preach to the Moors in Algery.
Let's see. Let's see. (*He fumbles in his purse.*) Gold speaks! A florin here!
One that will bring the dawn, it shines so clear.
If one of you will sing more jocund still
Than the voice which sang as I came up the hill,
This coin is his—no sound, no sound. What's this?
You need my voice to break the silences.
It's the tongue that sings, my friends—tie the tongue to the heart.
And then you can't help singing. But wait. I'll start.
(*He sings.*)
O, thou maks't my days, 'neath the dancing sun,
O, wine, 'tis thee I praise. Thou my life hast won.
No dark shall take my heart;
Ne'er to lees thy cup shall run.
Thou must ne'er forget—
Lovers never part
When true love, true love has met.
SAINT FRANCIS—(*Still invisible.*)
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Earth—
Like the arms of a mother, she holds and cares for us.
And out of her heart she brings the bright flowers forth.
And a thousand fruits, our sister generous.
GUIDO—Who sang that song? This coin is no more mine—
I'd give it to a block of stone if it sang so fine.
Bravo, bravo, my friend, whoever you be.
(*Aside.*) And yet his words have sent a shiver through me.
(*Then with a loud voice.*)
Who sang that song?
(*Joseph and Andrew approach him threateningly.*)

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JOSEPH—Enough; be still!
GUIDO—Enough! Who sang that song? Tell me.
JOSEPH—I will—
The friar Francis.
GUIDO—A friar! That can't be true.
Friars don't carouse when dawn is breaking through.
It's one of my friends with wine on his lips, no doubt,
Who has taken the Bishop's place when the Bishop's out.
No friar has spirit for that. (*He raises his voice.*)
You voice, I say,
Come, show your face to me.
(*Joseph has clapped his hand over Guido's mouth. Guido struggles, frees himself.*)
It's almost day.
JOSEPH—Hush! He's at brink of death, and he must sleep.
GUIDO—A friar at death! Why doesn't the fellow weep?
JOSEPH—This is that Brother Francis of whom the fame
Has made the whole world speak of Assisi's name.
He's dying now, he's a saint, they've lodged him here
In the Bishop's palace. That's why we're guarding near.
But soon they'll carry him outside the wall,
For he wishes to breathe his life's last breath of all
In his convent cell on the earth. 'Tis sad to be
So near to a saint in his dying agony.
GUIDO—And my name's Master Guido, and my fame
Has made this town, Assisi, blush with shame
For being so dull. And strange to tell you both
I'm not a saint, my spleen has normal growth.
I've decided not to die—I'd rather not.
Life is too sweet a place—my heart's too hot.
JOSEPH—You'd better be moving on.
GUIDO—Move on, you say?
ANDREW—You'd better be out of sight.
GUIDO—What! Go away?
And leave this friar to die in his bed without
Ever being told what things to sing about?
I'm in to see him.
ANDREW—That you're not, and more—
You'd better be twenty miles from the Bishop's door.
The dignitaries are coming, the consuls and all,
To escort the Saint outside the city wall.
GUIDO—I'm a dignitary myself.
JOSEPH—They'll find you here.
You'd better hide your face till your head is clear.
GUIDO—I'd rather go in.
(*He tries to push through.*)
JOSEPH—You'll not.
(*At first he overbalances Joseph, but Andrew storms at him with a pike.*)
GUIDO—Let go that pike.
(*He forces Andrew back.*)
It's a much better thing, I find, to do as I like.
(*Joseph and Andrew together hurl Guido to the ground.*)

(*Scene IV—Enter the Consul, Elias, and a procession.*)
CONSUL—(*Turning to the guard after the procession has filed through the gate, while the citizens remain in the street outside the gate, to right.*)
Is this the kind of conduct you think is due
To a dying saint? You guards, I'm speaking to you—
Brawling like boys, before his bed of death,
Under the very sound of his life's last breath?
JOSEPH—Not brawling, sir. Some reveller thought this gate
Was his mother's door. His wit had been up too late.
We had to throw him out, and there he lies.
ANDREW—He's quieter now—the fall has made him wise.
CONSUL—He is not dead?
ANDREW—We used no steel on him.
CONSUL—But he might awake. And he's dressed in wedding-trim.
He's not a sight to be seen at a time like this,
When a saint is dying, and all the city is his,
So take him out of the way. Go, carry him round
That corner behind the house, where he won't be found.
(*Joseph and Andrew carry him away.*)
ANDREW—You take the head.
JOSEPH—No, you take the head.
ANDREW—No, you.
JOSEPH—He's heavy as lead.
ANDREW—He's the heaviest bird ever flew.
JOSEPH—He sang like a bird—that's sure.
ANDREW—O, fairly well.
I noticed a ring in his voice like a broken bell.
(*Exit Joseph and Andrew carrying Guido.*)
CONSUL—(*Who has mounted steps of palace and turns to address the crowd.*)
Citizens of Assisi, need I ask
Your reverence, as we do this holy task?
Francis, our little brother, that sweet soul,
Who holds the affections of the city whole,
Lies in this house at death. And ere the light
Shall make these streets here, clearer to your sight,
He shall be borne out through our midst to die.
At the Porziuncola, where he would lie.
He loves Assisi well, and we love him,
And so I beg you, at this hour so grim,
Make no disturbance, let no slightest sound
Startle him as he comes. And all around
Be nothing seen, except what you and I
Would have him bear in memory to the sky.
(*Exit the Consul into the palace. Reënter the two guards from left.*)
ANDREW—I'm not so sure.
JOSEPH—He can't get out.
ANDREW—He can.

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We ought to have tied his legs. 'Twas a better plan.
JOSEPH—Don't speak so loud.
ANDREW—I tell you he'll climb the wall.
JOSEPH—I tell you he's safe. The fellow cannot crawl.
He lay as limp as a peach-bough that has dropped—
Arms at his side, his head by the tree-trunk propped.
He'll sleep till noon. No, he will sleep till dark.
ANDREW—Then I'm an ass, and my name's not Andrew.
(*Enter Consul.*)
JOSEPH—Hark.
CONSUL—(*Standing at palace door, with arm raised to command attention.*)
Hush, make no sound. Just now they've set him on
The stretcher. And it seemed his life was done—
He swooned away. And then he stirred, and then
His eyes showed bright in the candle-light again.
They'll have to carry him with the greatest care
Out of his room, and down the narrow stair
Slowly as snails. Look, they are on their march.
That is his room. That light in the window-arch
Is moving now. He'll soon be on the stair—
It lights the door—and now we'll kneel in prayer.
(*They all kneel. The light in the door grows gradually brighter and brighter. The Consul kneels, his back to the crowd. Enter Guido from the left. He is unseen by the crowd behind whom he stands.*)
GUIDO—Well, well, so this goes on. Perhaps, I'll see
The friar who had the singing bout with me.
He'll be glad to greet his brother, that I know.
These other people around must bore him so.
CONSUL—(*Whispering, his back turned, his hand raised.*)
I see the feet of the friars, one by one
Descending the stairs, their light gleams like the sun.
GUIDO—I never knew a minstrel receive before
A welcome like this, not sure at a bishop's door.
Nor anywhere else. I think I'll join the throng.
I'll kneel to anyone who sings a song.
(*He strides through the crowd almost to where the Consul is kneeling.*)
So here I am.
CONSUL—And what are you doing here?
This is no place for fools to come and jeer.
Be gone.
GUIDO—I'll not.
CONSUL—Be gone.
GUIDO—I'd rather wait.
CONSUL—You'll disgrace the town.
GUIDO—What then?
CONSUL—(*Seeing procession emerge.*) Be still. Too late.
GUIDO—To hear this consul talk, you'd never know.
That the friar and I sang duets hours ago.
No doubt his jolly countenance will nod
As he comes by. You'll see.
(*Enter Brother Elias; and after him friars carrying the litter.*)
ELIAS—He comes.
GUIDO—(*Catching sight of Saint Francis, emaciated.*)
Great God!
ELIAS—(*Halting at top of steps.*)
Our master, Francis, whose sweet voice at last
Sinks to a whisper, asked me one moment past
If I would ask a question now for him.
(*Turning to torch-bearers.*)
Will you not lift these lights? It still is dim.
Is there a man here who, while it still was night,
Sang at this gate, like a lark who takes a flight?
Brother Francis would speak with him.
CONSUL—(*Half-aloud.*) 'Twas none of us.
ELIAS—The singer is not here?
The bird has flown. He's not at the gate, I fear.
(*Elias has leaned over Saint Francis who speaks to him, inaudibly.*)
Brother Francis says he's here. And that he wears
A wreath on his head, that his suit, though scarred with tears,
Is of silk and gaudy green, and that he kneels
In the front at my right—the crowd spread out at his heels.
(*Guido tries to slink away.*)
CONSUL—Let no one move. Stand firm.
ELIAS—Can that be he?
Bring over the torch. A wreath! It indeed must be.
The man is found.
SAINT FRANCIS—(*In a low whisper.*) Bring me to where he is.
ANDREW—If you'd listened to me, we'd have saved the fellow from this.
JOSEPH—I wouldn't be in his shoes.
ANDREW—I'd rather die.
(*The litter moves until it is opposite Guido. Saint Francis, after a silence of suspense, blesses him.*)
SAINT FRANCIS—So—thou wouldst't be a friar.
GUIDO—A friar! Not I.
SAINT FRANCIS—Nay, but I heard thee sing, thou provest to me
No withered things with thy sweet voice could be,
Thou hast laid claim to gladness of those songs
Whose joy to Lady Poverty belongs.
GUIDO—I am no friar, that's sure.
SAINT FRANCIS—What art thou, then?
GUIDO—A troubadour—a man like other men.
SAINT FRANCIS—Praise to Our Lord—then we can sing together.
Walk at my side, a troubadour, my brother.
On such a day we need good minstrelsy.
I go to Sister Death. She waits for me.
Walk at my side, and close. First I shall sing,
Then thou shalt out-do me with thy caroling.
Praise be to God I found a throat so gay.

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(*Saint Francis falls back, exhausted.*)

ELIAS—How weak he is. Halt, lest the litter sway.

SAINT FRANCIS—(*Singing as if from dream.*)

Praise be to Thee, for those who pardon give
And weakness bear, and blows, for love of Thee,
Happy are those who in Thy peace can live.
They shall be crowned. No bliss like theirs shall be.
(*He turns to Guido.*)
And now, sing thou.

GUIDO—Alas, I should not be here.
I cannot sing such songs.

SAINT FRANCIS—But never fear.
Sing what thy heart would sing.

GUIDO—I cannot sing.

SAINT FRANCIS—Carry me on. Now to my sisterling:

(*He sings; the litter moves slowly ahead.*)

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Death—
She runs with us, she seizes our bodies all;
Happy are we, Our Lord's name on our breath,
We close our eyes, and into His arms we fall.
(*Turns to Guido. The litter halts.*)
Surely thou now wilt sing. This is my last
Journey on earth. My voice is almost past.
Thou art a troubadour.

GUIDO—I am a stone.
O, speak to me no more. I'm all unknown.
I'll hide. I'll carry thee. Don't torture me.
Let no one see me here. I'll carry thee.
Hurry, for I would go—I know not where—
I know not how—but from this fearful glare.
I cannot sing. I never sang.

SAINT FRANCIS—Sweet child,
Here is thy robe.
(*He puts the corner of his robe over Guido's shoulder.*)
Our Lord on thee has smiled.
And come with me. No man should songless be—
Songs thou shalt learn from Lady Poverty.
(*Raising his eyes.*)
Praise be to God, that on this gala day
He sent me a troubadour to cheer my way.
(*Exeunt to the left, Saint Francis and the friars, singing. Guido is in their midst.*)
O God, there is none so high, and none so strong as Thee.
No man on earth is worthy to give Thee praise.
To Thee all praise, all glory, all honor be—
And we are Thine, in all our ways and days.

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CHICAGO'S CALVERT CLUB

By JOHN A. LAPP

WHEN the proposition to organize the Calvert Associates and establish The Commonweal was made known in Chicago, it was received favorably by a large number of women's clubs representing many interests and social endeavors. There were also, of course, many individuals not connected with clubs or societies, who desired to join the movement. Among them all there was instant agreement that the project of "issuing a weekly journal of art, literature, and public opinion, representative of Catholic principles" was a worthy endeavor. In addition to the support that the Calvert Associates could give to such a journal, there was a widespread feeling that it would be desirable to bring the supporters of such an enterprise in Chicago together for other cultural purposes, where men and women, who usually only came together in separate groups, could manifest their common interest in many intellectual interests and movements.

But enthusiasm is an evanescent thing unless it is promptly diverted into some form of practical organization, and a great deal of very useful interest might have been dissipated had not Chicago promptly taken steps to organize a local Calvert club. It took some time for the significance of the undertaking to be fully realized, but at last a small group of interested individuals, seven to be exact, met and formed a preliminary platform. A second meeting planned by the first group brought together ninety persons, all alert to the intellectual possibilities of the new venture.

At this meeting the aims and purposes of the Calvert Associates were set forth, and a plan whereby an organization based upon the membership of the Calvert Associates in Chicago might be used for Catholic intellectual projects was suggested. The vision then set forth was that the Calvert group could be the basis for the discussion of The Commonweal, and thereby aid its promotion, together with other forms of Catholic literature. Particularly, it was set forth that the club might become a forum to hear from time to time eminent Catholic or non-Catholic artists, writers, lecturers, and leaders in various lines. Genuine enthusiasm was displayed for the proposal to have a Chicago Calvert club, and an informal organization was effected.

The first activity of the club was a novel feature—a Sunday breakfast at high noon. The time seemed to suit the convenience of people generally; the novelty was attractive, and almost spontaneously about two hundred and fifty people responded to a call to hear the subject of the Calvert Associates explained by the editor of The Commonweal. The most important result was the creation of a new organization on a large scale and with a selected membership.

The second Sunday breakfast was held in Febru-

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ary, 1925, with Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes of Columbia university as the speaker. He discussed reappraisal of the middle-ages. Nearly four hundred people, mostly members of the Calvert Associates, were present. Without formal organization or formal and continuous promotion, this seemed like a notable demonstration of interest in Catholic literature and culture.

The club now approaches such affairs with justifiable optimism. Its third main event was held on February 14, when Professor Charles G. Fenwick of Bryn Mawr addressed the members on international peace. Besides the formal Sunday breakfasts, the Chicago Calvert club holds informal evening meetings at which, in addition to addresses upon phases of Catholic literature, there is discussion of new intellectual developments in literature, art, and public affairs.

The place of the Chicago Calvert club is assured, and interest in it increases continually. The Chicago members take pride in the fact that their work is being studied by Calvert Associates in other cities where clubs are being formed. There is a reciprocal reaction between the local club, the Calvert Associates, and The Commonweal. Sometimes it is interest in the local group that brings membership in the Calvert Associates and a subscription to The Commonweal; and again the subscriber to The Commonweal is delighted to find that his subscription leads to his enrolment in the Chicago Calvert club.

The national aims and the program of the Calvert Associates permit a field of interest that is broad enough to include every Catholic who is interested in things intellectual, and yet they are particularly adapted to the needs and interest of each local group. At the centre around which this activity revolves is The Commonweal, which serves as the generator by its constant appeal to the intellectual as well as the spiritual side of current life. The Commonweal is the tie that draws and binds. It brings people into association of ideas, and likewise into an association of individuals. The Chicago Calvert club is but one spontaneous product which may readily be expected to be brought forth under the leadership of The Commonweal in many centres throughout the country. The Chicago Calvert club is an organized consumer of the published product of the Calvert Associates. In this it serves a unique purpose in stimulating its members in the practical study of Catholic literature.

Plans are now being made by the Chicago Calvert club for the public celebration on March 25 of the founding of Maryland by George Calvert and the English Catholic pilgrims. The Calvert Associates have held such a celebration in New York yearly since their establishment in 1923. It may be hoped that the Chicago celebration will give impetus to a movement that in time will become truly national, since it honors and promotes a fundamental principle of the American republic, namely, religious liberty.

COMMUNICATIONS

THAT CATHOLIC ECONOMIC PROGRAM

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of November 18 is a communication from Father F. A. McGowan, entitled A Catholic Economic Program. One is led to inquire just how any program becomes entitled to be called a "Catholic" economic program. Does the title go to the one in question by mere preëmption? It seems to me that this program, based on the same fundamental fallacies of Karl Marx and seriously offered as "Catholic," deserves analysis and criticism.

While the Socialists propose immediate expropriation of industrial property, this so-called "Catholic" program proposes only eventual and gradual expropriation of such property. A difference in time and method taken to expropriate does not change the fact of expropriation. The Socialist proposes to make the state the beneficiary of the expropriation, while this program would turn the property of present owners over to the employees of the industrial concern. Changing the beneficiaries does not change the actual fact that the program is to compel present owners to give up their property to others who have no title in it under the present system.

The Socialist would expropriate by brute force and revolution, while this program proposes to do the same thing by the less bloody, but equally effective method of legal and constitutional change.

The program's advocates would probably deny that it contemplates confiscation because it proposes to pay the owners for the property taken, in a very naïve way by paying the owner with his own money.

The program's plan of coöperativism as opposed to the form of capitalism we now have, is based on the same assumption of the Socialists that there is no freedom in the worker's present liberty to work wherever he can find work that suits him.

The whole Soviet scheme of commissars is presented under another name, in the joint boards of representatives of city workers, farmers, and consumers, proposed in this program to administer even the coöperatives "if they fail in immediately important matters." And, of course, those same boards would say when the coöperatives have failed. In this manner the workman, the farmer, the consumer, and the small investor are to be made "free." But the same scheme under the Russian commissars made him a slave to the tyranny of the representatives of the Soviets.

Through its economic parliament this program would dictate where the worker must work, just as the Soviets have been doing through their supreme council.

The Atlantic Monthly for November, 1925, contains an article written by Professor John R. Commons, under the title, Marx Today: Capitalism and Socialism. In that article Professor Commons points out that Marx wrote his communist manifesto at the end of the year 1847, following ten years of the lowest degradation reached by the people of England and Europe since the time of the Napoleonic wars. Based on the conditions at that time, Marx built up his whole theory of what was going to happen forever and ever after, unless his program was adopted as the only cure.

Unfortunately, however, for the success of Marx's logic, capitalism took an entirely different turn from what he insisted was the only path it could follow. Business men saw a fork in the road and made changes in the capitalistic system which Marx could not predict, and business is now on

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a quite different road than Marx prophesied it would be treading long before now.

As Professor Commons shows, the substance of socialism is to have the wage-earners, who must obey orders, elect the foremen, superintendents, and executives, who must give the orders. This is also the substance of the scheme of coöperatives proposed in this program.

Professor Commons says: "In every case I know of, in every country, where working men have formed the so-called producers' coöperatives, in order to become, as they say, their own employers, these producers' coöperatives have failed, because laborers as a class are incompetent to elect a boss. Under the capitalist system, individual laborers may rise out of the class, even to be millionaires, but socialism requires that all laborers shall rise as a class by becoming their own boss as a class. This is incompetency. For various reasons when labor elects a boss, it is not on the grounds of his efficiency and discipline, but on the grounds of his sympathy. The trade-unions have learned the cold fact that they cannot manage business as a union, nor as a class. They know they can get high wages, short hours, and job security only because it is the capitalists who take the first risk, and who, therefore, must do the planning and managing."

Professor Commons points out that leaders of Socialists are generally "professionals" or "intellectuals," who flatter or idealize the laborers, whereas the unionist leaders, being laborers themselves, know by experience that they can get more out of capitalism by bargaining with it than they can by taking it over and managing it collectively.

"Intellectuals" seem to be unable to understand why the unionists seem to prefer to work under bosses selected by the owners, than to be "free" under bosses selected by themselves in coöperatives. So, too, other intellectuals cannot understand why we Catholics prefer to stay in a church whose hierarchy is selected from above, excepting only the Pope himself, who is elected by cardinals who had been selected by a preceding Pope. Experience in both cases shows that selection by those above produces better leadership, both in the Church and in business, than does the "calling" of pastors by parishioners, or of electing a business boss by the workers.

Although Father McGowan's premises express fear of regimentation of men under capitalism, the program proposes far more rigid regimentation under the catch word of "coöperation." This program would put us into the very same sort of "lock step" proposed by Socialists, where none can take a step that all others do not take at the same time. The only difference is that the Socialist envisions his formation as marching in world-wide unison, whereas this program would have its rigid formations only occupation-wide. It proposes that even company commanders be regimented into associations, but the program does not say what the business men's associations shall do, since the business men are to be deprived of all essential authority.

The whole program is postulated on the same impossible theory held by the Socialists, that collective humanity are marvels of wisdom, angels in character, and besides, will willingly submit their own opinions and abilities to the vote of the majority. So far, experience in Russia does not seem to confirm this theory.

There are other contradictions of Father McGowan's premises in his conclusions. Although the premises display fear of "Wall Street," the program wants coöperative banks and insurance companies to use credit power to control industry. Presumably, this control of credit power being left to the vote of the members of the coöperative banks will be more wise than that of present-day banks. It would be interesting to learn just how these banks are to function. Of course, the program assumes that big business is "malum in se" or it would not devise ways and means of reducing business to the "little business" stage, as it does.

So too, is a big income "malum in se," as well as a big profit, or a big inheritance, hence these are to be expropriated by taxation.

The program proposes to limit the return on stock to the interest rate, and to divide the remaining money among all the workers of a concern, whose share should be used to buy up the concern and turn it into a coöperative. But what are we to do with some business concerns that do not make profits, and are there to be no more bankruptcies, due to various forms of business incompetency on the part of managers? How do the proponents of this program expect to guarantee that their coöperatives will always elect better managers? If they don't, who will pay the losses of the coöperatives?

With the Socialists the proposers of this program fail to see that the present system is really coöperative in the true sense of the term; that all its elements are truly working together in supplying humanity's wants. Today each of us produces almost entirely for other people's consumption, and consumes almost entirely what others have produced.

Because there is no "economic parliament" giving orders to all of us, many people fail to see that business has an automatic semaphore, signalling workers and business men where to work as society needs them, when to increase or reduce production of any commodity in conformity with society's present will-to-buy and ability-to-pay. Neither this group nor the Socialists realize that the price of any commodity or service, precisely signals all those concerned with that commodity or service, whether as consumers, producers, or distributors. With the Socialists, this group fails to realize that our present price-regulated, spontaneous, flexible, voluntary coöperation is far superior to the forced rigid coöperation that their plan contemplates through "legal and constitutional changes that must be faced."

Like the Socialists, they brush aside the fact that business men are continually improving the business system whenever and wherever they can see that improvements are possible.

Finally, this group, along with the Socialists, does not see that the scheme of coöperation it proposes is one that business found it necessary to discard long ago, when industry was much less complex than now. Business learned long ago that it could not operate under mob rule—not even the rule of small mobs. Therefore, business long ago rejected as unworkable, the mob rule theory of coöperativism. It isn't a new theory. It is older than the very old fable of the quail and her young in the farmer's grain fields.

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

IN ANSWER TO MR. DUBRUL

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I move that all references in Mr. DuBrul's letter to Socialism, Socialists, Soviets, Russia, and Karl Marx be stricken from the record as camouflaged cursing. It is illogical to apply such terms, however vaguely, to a coöperative system based on personal ownership. By confusing private ownership with common ownership, these epithets, besides, are a scandal to the weak. The bishops' pro-

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gram of social reconstruction advocates consumers' coöperation, producers' coöperation, management sharing and copartnership; the pastoral letter of the American hierarchy and Pope Leo's encyclical on the condition of labor advocate diffusion of ownership, and diffused real ownership can be held only coöperatively in large industries; and the Catholic social movement throughout the world lays great stress upon the coöperative movement in all its phases. Are Socialism, Russia, the Soviets, and Karl Marx to be given credit for all of this?

When the cursing is deleted, one finds three sets of arguments. The present system is declared to be automatically effective because it has an automatic semaphore that starts or stops production in accord with the will-to-buy and the ability-to-pay; and it is truly coöperative since we produce for others to use and use what others produce. A system that throws a million out of work in the best of times and five million in hard times is more like an automatic explosive than an automatic semaphore. A system that causes such unemployment, that pays so many of its workers less than a living wage and that divides "society into two widely different castes," of which "one holds power because it holds wealth," while the other is "the needy and powerless multitude," is far from coöperative. Production for others to use and the use of what others produce is merely division of labor.

The second set of arguments is that coöperation is and would be inefficient because the wage-earners would choose their own bosses, because it assumes that collectively men are wise and angelic, and because producers' coöperatives now fail; and it would be deadly to freedom because it would permit no one to advance beyond the rest, and because an economic congress would be a dictator.

The statement that the wage-earners would choose their own bosses under the coöperative system is true only of the smallest producers' coöperatives, and these occupy a very minor part in the program. In all but one of the other intermediary steps they would be sharing along with others in the choice of directors only, and they would merely confer with executives about methods of management. In the case of union-owned concerns their union officials would probably choose the directors. In the final stage, they would be one element out of several in the control of industry.

The program does not assume high wisdom and character. It assumes a modicum of wisdom and character, growing greater with experience and responsibility as the years pass in response to the motive of real, though limited, gain, self-control, and brotherhood. It also hopefully assumes that men will become better Christians, and it believes that as they set their faces toward coöperation they will not be tempted by Mammon so much as now. Because little reliance is placed in the program upon small coöperatives of producers, it is not of great moment whether they fail or not. As a matter of fact, sometimes they fail and sometimes not. But as the rest of society gradually moves on through other more experimental steps toward coöperation, it is to be expected that these small producers' coöperatives will be able to work more freely and will be less handicapped.

Mr. DuBrul's fears for freedom are founded possibly upon the failure to realize how beneficial is the institution of private ownership. Private property is one of the strongest bulwarks of freedom. Join property owners into a brotherhood and the bulwark is almost indestructible. An economic congress composed of representatives of coöperators in their various organizations would be a congress of free men strong in their property ownership or, in some cases, in a close approach thereto, and strong in their brotherhood. They would meet together to plan for the supply of goods the market needs and to prevent profiteering by any particular group. If business were less oligarchic today and less keen for the largest profit possible, such a congress might now prevent some of our market gluts, unemployment, and profiteering. Moreover, no flat equality is assumed; individuals would be encouraged to advance beyond the rest; they would not be permitted, however, to amass such great wealth in the means of production as to wreck the freedom of others.

A third set of arguments contends that the program assumes that big business and big wealth are mala in se. Yet the program definitely states that big business is necessary today and nowhere implies that "big wealth" is an evil in itself. An oblique and hesitant statement is made that confiscation is intended. Only those upholding an extreme view of the rights of private property would think it confiscatory to regulate profits by agreement or by law, or for a person to agree or, if the facts warrant, for him to be compelled by law to sell his property.

As for labor's contentment with merely bargaining with employers, let me refer Mr. DuBrul to the Baltimore and Ohio plan, the statement of the American Federation of Labor, the coöperative banks and insurance companies, and unemployment insurance, all of which are included in the program I tentatively outlined.

Mr. DuBrul closes with an attack on the guilds; he sees that coöperation means the application of the guild system to modern times. This makes one pause. The guilds were a characteristic outpouring of the ages of faith. When they, too, are cursed as socialistic and Marxian, then where are we at?

These guilds, it is said, were discarded once by business men. I would not condemn business men so much. Business adventurers of the Reformation and French revolution eras, it is true, wielded one of the swords that killed the guilds. But kings, the Protestant revolters and the doctrinaire-deist individualists of the eighteenth century dealt deadly blows, too. The guild system was, indeed, growing anaemic. But the guilds did not merely die; they were killed. While it lasted, the guild system was the bright spot in city industry during all recorded history. And it is to arouse thought in regard to the guild system and how it may be applied in the United States to industry, agriculture, and trade that I attempted hesitatingly to outline what many are thinking is the road we must travel back to the guilds.

Rev. R. A. McGowan.

CAROLINE LOCKE

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:—In the death of Caroline Locke, who died on January 25 in her home in La Jolla, California, the memories of those who knew her are stirred and saddened. The beauty of her paintings and her brilliant mind were in their way reflections of the genius of her uncle, Father Isaac Hecker, who founded the Paulist order, and in the Catholic Church, made, so to speak, a new era. Mrs. Locke's devotion to youth compelled her to give up the art she loved, to devote herself to the Newman school which her husband founded, showing a spirit of unselfishness and humility which ran through her life.

Alice E. Warren.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Hedda Gabler

IT'S quite all right to stick to your muttons if you happen to know just what your muttons are. Several of our group theatres (rather more appropriately "grope theatres") have, so far, failed to discover this simple commodity, with occasional distressing results—stage settings that outpace acting, direction that lags behind advancing dramatic ideas, and the like. It is rather a relief, therefore, to find the Actors' Theatre settling down to an interesting, if not stirring, policy of reviving "standard" plays. Happily this does not mean standardized plays—far from it. It does mean plays that have attained to a certain standard of public recognition as works of enduring value.

There is one danger in this policy which might be mentioned now, for the sake of going on record. It requires only a certain mental inertia, coupled with a too facile acceptance of popular judgment, to consider as "standard" only such plays as those of Ibsen and Shaw, about which controversy has raged, and in which the acting rôles offer a chance to compete with past luminaries. For such plays there is always a ready-made audience—drawn by the legendary glow of the author's name quite as much as by any intelligent conviction that the plays are worth seeing again. It may involve greater production risk and more courage to probe among the archives for the single masterpiece of an otherwise dimly known author—but in doing just this, what a service the Actors' Theatre would render to real drama stripped of glamorous names!

The next year or two will give us the answer to the Actors' Theatre innovation. In the meantime, they have again had recourse to Ibsen. Hedda Gabler is a good actors' play—well constructed and with many declamatory moments. The self-loving lady whose name it bears has not a little in common with that latest creation of feminine selfishness, Craig's Wife. Put in the same position, they might conceivably react in very similar fashion—up to the point where Ibsen and Kelly follow separate roads. For Kelly is essentially an observer of outward facts and foibles, willing, one suspects, to bend his outcomes toward popular taste, whereas Ibsen's characters spring right from his own inner nature and share both his strength and his great weaknesses. So it happens that when Hedda's plans crash about her, and life seems intolerable, she shoots herself, whereas Mrs. Craig scatters rose petals over the floor of her empty house while searching for truths that have never yet touched her.

Ibsen's dramatic power is so great that we often forget his intellectual and moral weaknesses. He shows neither the ability nor the desire to forge his way out of the intolerable situations he creates. He (as represented, of course, in his manifold characters) never discovers the meaning and the value of suffering—its creative possibilities, its power of purification, the resurrection it forecasts. Take Hedda: Her jealousy, her selfishness, her boredom, her love of power over others are all aspects of a supreme love of self. The one intolerable idea, for Hedda, is that anyone should have the power to limit or constrain this self-love. Her suffering does not begin until she finds that Judge Brack has her in his power—that she must henceforth do not what she wants but as he wills. Here Hedda (or Ibsen) comes to an impasse. She does not search her soul to find the cause for her suffering. She has come as far as she can go. This is the end—a blank wall ahead. Her suicide is only the outward—the objective—expression of her soul. She has no desire to plunge further into the mysteries of suffering. This is her moral weakness. She has no intellectual rumor, even, that a mystery exists into which she might plunge. This is her intellectual bankruptcy. In both aspects, the weaknesses are Ibsen's own.

For Hedda Gabler is not an isolated play. Examine the run of Ibsen's work. Either the characters themselves commit suicide when suffering hovers near, or Ibsen, through his plot, ducks the issue: In *Ghosts*—an expression of heredity, unanswered. In The Doll's House—a false attitude toward marriage, answered only by Nora's convenient exit. In The Master Builder—a problem of pride left unsolved by death. In Rosmersholm—suicide. In The Wild Duck—suicide. Is it an exaggeration to call Ibsen—in spite of his technical skill in presenting a problem—the grand master of the defeatists? Heroic death carries with it the symbol of vast things beyond—such deaths as Hamlet's, or Cyrano's. A life of tragic suffering carries the promise of ultimate redemption—as that of the blind Oedipus wandering outcast over the earth. But these are not the deaths nor the evasions of Ibsen. His do not inspire the sad exaltation of lyric tragedy, but only the bitterness of inglorious defeat.

The quality of the present revival is good without having the touch of fire which made The Wild Duck of last season memorable. Mr. Dudley Digges's own acting as Tessman, and his direction of the play throughout, are masterly and full of fine feeling for the value of repose. But his actor material in this instance is not quite up to the usual standard of the Actors' Theatre. Miss Emily Stevens plays Hedda with an obviously clear understanding of the broader outlines of her character and conflicting emotions. But one hardly thinks of Hedda as ranting about the stage, and Miss Stevens does rant. To this defect she adds a rapid and at times almost inaudible diction. Then the production is further weighted by the conventional grimaces of Frank Conroy as Judge Brack. Next to Mr. Digges's Tessman, the real high lights of the performance come from Patricia Collinge in a delightfully understanding portrait of Mrs. Elvsted.

Embers

REGRETFULLY, I cannot see any value in this new play which Henry Miller has brought over from France and in which he is now starring. From several sources I have heard it said that—for a French play—it has various winds of cleanliness blowing about it. In a strictly technical sense, it is quite true that sins and mistakes take a mild toll of suffering. But in the last act the passion for a happy ending has led either the playwright or the adapter to ring down a smiling and contented curtain. In a highly sentimental and slow moving play in which an unfaithful wife reaps the reward of having her husband take a highly rose-colored and pollyanna mistress, such an ending has a smell of insincerity and purely theatrical purpose. The wife has a child which is not her husband's and the husband has a child by his mistress—the latter dying at childbirth. The last act brings a

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reconciliation and the assembling of both children under one roof. Charitable and Christian, yes—if one felt that the play were sincere and that its solution worked out from the inner necessity of the various characters themselves. But this is just what I do not feel. The plot is intensely artificial and mechanical. Coincidence of event is strained to the last limit, and if there is any message which one feels drifting from the author it is in the nature of how idyllic an extra-martial love affair can be.

Ordinarily, I would not give so much detail of the plot of an uninteresting and tiresome play, but by stating it frankly, I can illustrate concretely just what I have referred to so often in this column—the effort of soft-minded dramatists to idealize the mistakes of life and to condone them, and in this sense doing far more harm than some of our realists who deal quite brutally with vice but have too great a sincerity to clothe it with attraction or glamor. The latter show clearly the motives leading to wrong relationships in the world, but they do not show the relationships themselves as leading to anything but suffering, degradation, and the need of purging through deep inner flames. Put down Embers on your list as an immoral play—and if you find friends championing it, remember that soft sentimentalists have done more harm in the world than whole armies of forthright realists.

The Jest

SEM BENELLI'S play has been revived without the Barrymore brothers. There is a false atmosphere to the symbolism of this erotic melodrama which leaves one with the conviction that its author, when he wrote it, was in a most unhappy and confused state of mind. In spite of Jones's superb settings, which are again used, this is not a play in which one can find an ounce of true spirituality. It rings false in every key. It is full of soul struggle, but not in the right direction, and it smacks constantly of insincerity. Moreover, the acting of the present revival is without serious worth—in fact it is distinctly bad—except for one brief appearance of Mme. Ouspenskaya, whose every movement reveals tragedy in the proportions of a Duse. Don't waste your time on The Jest.

In Selecting Your Plays

Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
By the Way—An English review of charm.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio—Splendid object lesson in finest type of repertory acting.
Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
Stronger than Love—Filial love made the motive for one intensely dramatic scene.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Dream Play—The most important of the symbolical plays now running.
The Dybbuk—A masterly production of Ansky's Jewish mystical drama.
The Enemy—Mr. Pollock falls down on a good theme.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's acting.
The New Charlot Review—You can save money by not going.
Tip-Toes—All that is satisfying in a musical comedy.
Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

BOOKS

Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court, by Charles Warren. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

CONCERNING what has been called the "eternal triangle" of constitutional powers upon whose equilibrium of check and balance the smooth working of our government machinery depends, Mr. Charles Warren has written another book. Like his previous study, The Supreme Court in United States History, which won for its author the Pulitzer prize, this later work is also avowedly written for "laymen and lawyers alike." Books of this character are notably apt to fail in their mission. Yet, in view of the welcome accorded Mr. Warren's former venture, he would seem to have done wisely in thus diligently following up his earlier success. Moreover, in these days of drastic and frequent amendments, the "man in the street" must find more reasons for familiarizing himself with his constitutional rights than at any time since the Civil War.

Writing from the view-point of this somewhat indefinite and elusive personage, the author of the present review finds himself free to admit a realization that constitutional politics, as generally expounded, is par excellence one of the "dismal sciences." The "three C's" of our government are as essential to the political education of the average citizen as the "three R's" to the school boy—and about as difficult to make interesting. Mr. Warren's enthusiasm for his subject, however, is contagious, and his account of the long constitutional struggle between Congress and the court is not without human appeal. It is no slight compliment to say that Mr. Warren has accomplished the feat of writing a readable book concerning a subject which to most people is lacking in intrinsic appeal.

In tracing the history of the Constitution, the author has adopted a course different from the earlier writers who seem to have attributed its perfections to an "era of demigods" who flourished at the time of our Revolution. Mr. Warren is willing to allow to the Fathers not only a share of human frailty but also of fallibility. There has always been something repellant to the intelligence of the average man in the convenient theory advanced by this uncritical historical school, to the effect that "the members of the federal convention invented the Constitution." This was the idea implied by Gladstone's mid-Victorian, historical aphorism that "the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man." Like Mr. Breckenridge Long (who has just brought out an able study of the colonial background of the same subject) the author of Congress, the Constitution, and the Supreme Court makes clear that an historical incongruity is involved in the idea that "during eighty-six working days of the convention, its members originated something entirely new."

It is reassuring to know that this group of men who reason tells us were but humanly intelligent like ourselves, did not, in their hurried conclave, bind us indefinitely by a set of fundamental laws brilliantly improvised. Like all really great, written instruments, the American Constitution was the result of long developed precedent and a period of more or less actual experience. "Experience," said one of the members of the convention, "must be our guide. Reason may mislead us." Much of their work was, of course, new and original. Even the idea of a set of fundamental laws "unalterable and un-

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amendable by a majority of the legislature" was "a purely American idea." Yet, before imposing upon posterity the bonds and barriers of so rigid a document, its framers, as Mr. Warren proves in nine weighty paragraphs, carefully sought their precedents in the existing, tested constitutions of the states, notably those of New York and Massachusetts. They were thus "fully familiar with the proposed fundamental change in government which they later adopted."

In Mr. Warren's second chapter, the supreme court enters into his narrative and his defense is outlined against its "modern opponents." He early makes a telling point by showing that the advanced position taken by the radicals of the present day is directly opposed to the arguments advanced by the liberals of more than a century ago. It was the possible "tyranny of the legislature," not the "aggressions of the supreme court," that aroused the Beards and Borahs of the days of strenuous debate that followed the constitutional convention. He calls attention to the fact that even before the meetings of that august body, the liberty-loving highlanders of the Massachusetts Berkshires, distrusting the extreme Federalists of the eastern half of the state, "had actually prevented the courts from sitting in the county until the people of the state should adopt a constitution prescribing a bill of rights which the court might enforce." Again, it was upon judicial action that the "radical" Madison depended in explaining the necessity of a bill of rights to a reluctant Congress. His bill was intended to secure "an independent tribunal of justice" which "will consider themselves in a peculiar manner the guardians of those rights," and who would act "as an impenetrable bulwark against every assumption of power in the legislative or executive."

To the modern "labor leaders, social reformers, so-called progressives, radicals, and others unhampered by a knowledge of facts," who "still make the charge that the Court has usurped the power of passing on the validity of acts of Congress," the author pays his compliments in no uncertain terms. Respecting the charge that "these powers were usurped for the first time by Chief Justice Marshall," he quotes the answer of Lincoln to Stephen A. Douglas with respect to a similar misapplication of historical precedents. "Such people," he says, have "no right to mislead others who have less access to history and less leisure to study it, into the false belief that our fathers who framed the government under which we live were of the same opinion" with themselves.

The average reader of Mr. Warren's temperate and lawyer-like reading of the lessons of history will doubtless be disappointed to find that he avoids to some extent any full treatment of that most controversial of present-day constitutional issues—the Volstead act. Only three pages out of three hundred or more are devoted to this subject—and then only as a passing illustration. It may be suggested that a majority of present-day citizens, likely to consult a work on the Constitution at the present time, will do so in seeking light on this subject, rather than for any other reason.

To avoid disillusionment it may be well to refer page by page to the short and pertinent paragraphs which he has devoted to this matter: On page 147 he uses the attempt of Congress to enforce this much disputed measure "by authorizing padlock injunctions in an equity court instead of trial by jury," to illustrate the startling fact that "if Congress can thus abolish a jury in the punishment of this criminal offense, it can do so with reference to any other crime of like nature." It is in the light of this comfortable intimation of the potentialities of a "liberty-loving" Congress lashed on by the intimidations of such political blocs as the Anti-Saloon league, that the author considers the various schemes proposed to allow the National legislature to over-ride the findings of the supreme court. He says:

"As an illustration—suppose that the Volstead law could have been held constitutional by only three judges; suppose that the selective draft law could have been held valid by only three judges. What degree of authority would such a law possess, when the people of this country knew that six out of nine judges believed it to be unconstitutional, and that it was the law only because, under the Borah proposal, the vote of the six would not prevail, and the vote of the three judges in the minority would decide the case?"

W. P. Cresson.

Ether and Reality, by Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 3/6 net.

THOSE who are familiar with scientific writings today must often have noticed that those of physicists, whose business it is to deal with the problems of matter, are so much less materialistic than those of biologists, who, nominally at least, turn their attention to living things. The physicist is always on or near the top of the bank, which intervenes between his own territory and that of metaphysics, and time after time he will find himself, whether intentionally or not, taking a stroll on the other side of the boundary. Whereas the biologist—in whose defense it can only be urged that he generally knows nothing whatever about the subject—is accustomed to condemn metaphysics as "rank mysticism"; a flower of speech which is intended and believed to demolish once for all the unhappy person who refuses to deny that there may be realities which he cannot detect with scientific apparatus.

In the thick of the crass materialism of the mid-Victorian period—a biologically induced materialism by the way, since it was the offspring of Darwin and Huxley—two of the most distinguished physicists of the day, Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart published, at first anonymously, but afterward under their two names, a very remarkable book entitled The Unseen World to aid "the orthodox in religion" who were "in somewhat evil case" and "aghast at the materialistic statements nowadays freely made (often professedly in the name of science)." It had a great reputation in its day and ran into several editions but, most undeservedly, has fallen into such neglect that it was quite recently seen by the present reviewer under the heading, Occult, in a second-hand book-catalogue!

The authors in their day were among the leaders in their own branch of science, and Sir Oliver occupies a similar position among those of today. Moreover, he has that rare faculty of making even abstruse facts and theories intelligible to those who have had no previous training in the subject with which he deals. And, above all other things, that is necessary in connection with the very difficult question of the ether so full of pitfalls and so very sparing in the proofs which it affords to us of its existence.

Our atmosphere is supposed to extend about four hundred miles from the surface of the earth but in the greater part of that extent it is mere courtesy to talk of it as an "atmosphere" for it is of such tenuity as scarcely to merit that name. At any rate, beyond that is space with the dead cold of space—273 Centigrade, and what else? Clearly something for there can be no such idea as a region where there is nothing, and, moreover, there must be a something to convey to us the

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vibrations from the sun and other things. When we warm our hands at a fire, the air is quite cold; it is the ether which conveys to us the heat rays from their source. Similarly with the sun and, of course, our present-day radios which employ the same medium, in spite of their slogan—"The air is full of things you shouldn't miss," the fact being that the air has nothing to do with the case.

Little as we imagine it, the ether is with us always and in ways which we never suspect. When we clasp our friend's hand we imagine that flesh meets flesh in that encounter. Not at all! We take off our gloves from motives of courtesy and, perhaps, from warmth of affection, but no power on earth can divest us of the gloves of ether which forever maintain separation between our real selves and other things. We see a paper on the glass top of our desk and a paper-weight on it and suppose that all three are in contact. Again not at all; for there is an elastic cushion of ether between table and paper and paper and weight. What about our real selves? What relation have they to the ether? What we know of our bodies is the knowledge which we gain from our senses, and we have no sense which helps us to detect the ether and its doings. We know the material atoms of which our body seems to be built up, those which form skin and flesh and nails and hair. But we know nothing, through our senses, of that ether body which, invisible to us, is the shape of ours, and in which, so to speak, are stuck the material masses which we do know, very much as fragments of gravel are stuck in what builders call "rough-cast." So, at least, the physicists tell us. That we do not recognize this all-pervading substance seems strange, yet Sir Oliver very suggestively remarks that the last thing that a deep-sea fish would be likely to discover would be water.

There is just one way in which the ether gives itself away—one way only. It transmits light (and other things, like radio for example) at an absolutely definite pace, and to do that it must be an entity with a definite constitution. There is so much to doubt today in all scientific theories that at times it seems as if this rate of traverse of light was the one firm rock in a surging sea of "perhapses." At any rate, there it is, and it is what we call the ether which is responsible for this regularity of delivery at the mad rate of 185,000 miles per second for all that journey of over ninety millions of miles which it makes in eight minutes.

And so with other things. Here is a curious fact: Those at the far end of a long concert hall listening to the notes of some great singer, who is also being "broadcasted," actually hear those notes a fraction—a very small fraction—of a second later than persons twenty miles off who are getting the concert through the ether. A paradox? Not at all. Sound goes only 1,200 feet per second through the air but radio vibrations go 185,000 miles per second. Sir Oliver does not mention this last curious point but he does a host of others and makes out of them a most fascinating book which is bound to have a large sale since it tells people just what they want to know on this subject and tells it in a way which everybody can understand.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Hadrian the Seventh, by Frederick Rolfe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

I HAVE always desired to know something definite of the recondite and elusive author who signed himself sometimes "Baron Corvo," sometimes "Fr. Rolfe," the latter being actually an abbreviation of his full name, Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe. I had known him ever since university days, been variously moved by portions of his best book, Hadrian the Seventh, and longed to know all of him. Parts of Hadrian seemed to be autobiography, very thinly disguised indeed, but the book teased the imagination more by what it suggested than by what it revealed. Veiled names of personages and places, a whole dim continent of late nineteenth-century Catholicism and Anglicanism, and finally, the strange terra ignota of the author's personality, enticed me, but all in vain. Now Mr. Knopf's recent reprint of In His Own Image, preceded by a brilliant biographical note by Shane Leslie, supplies all the necessary knowledge about the so-called "Fr. Rolfe."

No supposition about Rolfe could possibly be stranger than are the facts of his odd career. He seems like a scholar and condottiere of the Italian renaissance, transposed to the key of the 'nineties, born out of his time into the era of pew-rents, publishers, and mean streets. In fact, the classic renaissance was his elect period. He was no Gothic enthusiast like so many of his contemporaries and co-religionists, but a seventeenth-century English Tory, thoroughly Italianized, a dangerous type as the proveb tells one. He was baptized an Anglican, and was for a time an under-master in several schools for boys. In 1886 he was received into the Catholic Church, and from that time nursed a desire for the priesthood which seems to have haunted him throughout his life. Archbishop Smith of Edinburgh took an interest in him, and sent him to the Scots' College at Rome, from which he was sent away a few years later, without given motive save that his superiors deemed that he had no vocation for Holy Orders.

Then began his derelict and defeated life, the life of "an aesthetic tramp," to use Mr. Leslie's phrase. He believed himself, with some reason, to be a true artist, but had no scruples about working the inartistic as a means of livelihood. Circumstances caused him to care greatly for money because of the superior gratifications which it brings to people with imagination. He posed as the godson of an Italian duchesa, who supported him for a while. He took the title of baron, and devised a coat of arms. He fell in with the late Monsignor Benson; the pair went off on a walking tour, and contemplated writing a joint romance on the subject of Saint Thomas á Becket. Later, Rolfe quarreled with Monsignor Benson, as he did with almost all his friends. Someone who has read their correspondence has written of Rolfe: "I am almost sure he was possessed of a devil. I have never in my life come across one who hated so much, and so virulent an ego-centric."

Thwarted and poor, he was always imagining himself on another, superior, richer plane, under "ripe Italian skies," surrounded by personable disciples all devoted to him, collecting beautiful things, creating beautiful stories. At other times he dreamed with poignancy of his missed priesthood. In these inhibited conditions, he began his masterpiece, Hadrian the Seventh, in which he allowed his imagination to roam freely in marble halls, and from the very Vatican to dominate the map of Europe. Hadrian is almost everything a romance can be—a gorgeous daydream, an essay in weltpolitik, an extravagant satire on English Socialism and English Catholicism, a fantastic autobiography, a real confession. Despite no end of silly puerilities and flagrant perversions of language, it is a fascinating book, a work of real, if disordered, genius, and it deserves to endure.

Hadrian VII (Arthur Rose) is, of course, Rolfe as he liked to fancy himself on drear wintry afternoons when he

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put his book together in his lonely suburban lodgings. By a series of quite impossible accidents, he is elected Pope, the first English Pontiff since Nicholas Brakespere. He establishes shower-baths in the Vatican and abolishes red plush; abandons the temporal power; walks in the city and smiles at the Roman children; rows on Lago Albano; beatifies Mary Stuart; smokes cigarettes; dictates to sovereigns and to peoples; directs a sort of crusade against atheistic France and communistic Russia (Rolfe detested France) revives the Roman empire in the West, dividing it between his good friends, the Kaiser and the King of Italy; and dies, shot by an anarchist, in Bernini's piazza, giving his blessing to the city and the world. Despite its manifest absurdities, such as the silly and spiteful parody of the British Labor movement, the book, considered only as a yarn, has violent movement, raciness and tang, while the colors are splashed on thick and glowing by a remarkable pictorial imagination. The Daily Mail remarked that "Fr. Rolfe could certainly write, but had a devil."

Naturally, a supersensitive and feline creature like Rolfe could not be trusted to give a fair account of contemporary Catholicism. All this part of a book must be regarded as a caricature, though a very diverting one. There are recognizable portraits of Cardinal Rampolla (Ragna), Cardinal Vaughan (Courtleigh), Dr. Mostyn (Talacryn) and several other well known persons, some of whom are now dead.

One has only to add a fact which may well have been the salvation and, in this world, the saving grace of this talented and unhappy man, and to add it in his own words, that he was "an obedient son of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman see, and that he submitted himself and all that he wrote to her judgment." His personality appears to have attracted almost as many as it repulsed, and I am sure there are many, like Mr. Leslie, who wish his soul well, wherever it may be.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Life and Letters of Bishop McQuaid, Volume I, by Frederick J. Zwierlein. Louvain: Librairie Universitaire, A. Uytspruyst.

THIS first volume of the Life and Letters of Bishop McQuaid contains in the first of two sections the history of Catholic Rochester, and in the second, the life of Bishop McQuaid down to the time when the two come together by the appointment of Father McQuaid as head of the newly established see of Rochester.

The story of Catholic effort in the state of New York during the first half of the nineteenth century is a narrative of the defense of religion and the rights of conscience against the pressure of bigotry, numbers, and organized, incessant and unscrupulous opposition. The pioneer Catholics in this portion of the United States were Irish and German immigrants. The manner in which these poor people, driven from their own countries by religious discrimination, continued their struggle for faith and conscience in alien and hostile surroundings is not only a record of courage and devotion, but was a powerful factor in the upbuilding of American institutions by forcing those who lived under these institutions to give more than lip service to the principles on which they rested.

These early settlers were the founders of the great ecclesiastical system of the Empire State of today. With comparatively little help from outside they built churches, organized parishes, set up schools and hospitals, while enduring all the hatred and obloquy which Protestant bigotry and calumny could raise up against them. Sectarian tactics cunningly adapted to minds cramped by sectarian teaching made use of the familiar methods of vilification from pulpit and press, dissemination of anti-Catholic tracts, spurious appeals to patriotism, and the organization of a secret oath-bound conspiracy, the Know-nothing party. Dr. Zwierlein presents this part of his subject calmly and judiciously, and throws a strong light on the active Protestant opposition as well as on the sodden animosity, which, because it had nothing on which to feed, sullenly refused to join with the Catholics in many works, such as the building of hospitals, which were of vital importance to the entire community.

It was through the heroism and fidelity of the pioneer Catholics that the state of New York, without a bishop of its own at the beginning of the century, had, before the century ended, seven well organized dioceses with flourishing educational and charitable institutions, and a large and zealous body of clergy. Dr. Zwierlein centres his attention principally on the growth of Catholicism in Rochester, as forming "the background for the long episcopate of its first bishop, with which the subsequent Catholic history of the place was largely identical."

Bishop McQuaid began his career as the child of immigrant parents. His early years in the priesthood were spent in New Jersey, where he labored zealously in the arduous tasks of organizing parishes, building churches and schools, and in carrying a large portion of the diocesan obligations in providing collegiate and seminary training for the young. Conditions in New Jersey did not differ much from those in western New York. Bishop McQuaid's early experience was an admirable preparation for the background for his episcopal career prepared by the pioneer Catholics of Rochester.

Dr. Zwierlein has raised high hopes as to the character of the main figure in his narrative by the richness of the setting in which he has placed it. The few chapters in this first volume which treat of Bishop McQuaid show him to be an aggressive, self-assertive, rugged and, perhaps, a somewhat combative character. What he was, Dr. Zwierlein wisely allows his own words and actions to reveal. Thus, Bishop McQuaid explained in a letter to Archbishop Corrigan why he had refused to preach at the month's mind of Archbishop Bailey: "In a calm review of the Archbishop's episcopal career, necessarily much would have to be said of Seton Hall and the Sisters of Charity, and the credit of both in whole placed to his account. While it pleases me to have this done by others, it scarcely suits me so far to forget the truth. Qui facit per alium, facit per se, is true in one sense, but not in every sense." Father McQuaid, we are told, lived through some of the native American disturbances and riots in New York City, but his spirit of forebearance was so great that in later life he could forget these inconveniences of his youth, and "at a time, when the majority of Catholic priests and bishops in the United States were of foreign birth, Bishop McQuaid found pleasure in emphasizing the fact that he was a native of the country, having been born in New York City."

The book is well printed and, therefore, it is hard to understand how Levi Silliman Ives becomes L. Sullivan Ives, except, perhaps, through the grace of conversion. Dr. Zwierlein's preface conveys the impression that he has some doubts that he will please everybody. This is better than trying to please everybody and failing to please anybody.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

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Science: As Everyone Should Know It, by Bertram C. A. Windle. New York: Society for the Extension of Liberal Knowledge. $0.25.

SCIENCE: As Everyone Should Know It, by Sir Bertram Windle, is a little pamphlet of some forty-four pages, yet within its modest compass is to be found a mass of facts that should provide every Catholic, indeed, every believer, with a formidable armory for use on any occasion when the thoughtless and discredited aphorism that "the Church is the enemy of scientific investigation" comes up for a fresh airing. The list of Catholic scientists with which Sir Bertram furnishes us should be a sufficient answer to the rather decrepit taunt, seldom heard today, except in the mouth of those who use speech, not to conceal thought, but to hide its lack.

Besides Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Raymond Lully, who only shared the faith of the universal western world, it includes many who managed to work hard and make many valuable discoveries in the field of the "exact sciences" at a time when disbelief was rife, without losing their faith in the most exact and most important of all. Lavoisier, the father of modern chemistry; Abbe Hauy, the discover of the law of symmetry in crystals; Copernicus, a canon of Modena; Laplace, Volta, Galvani, probably Ohm, and, of course, the great Pasteur are a few whose names are household ones, used hundreds of thousands of times a day in the course of science and business. One need hardly insist on the brilliant galaxy of Catholic astronomers, so very many of them priests—one almost associates astronomy with the Church.

Sir Bertram, as is his wont, is particularly severe on the vulgar error which has given mere working hypotheses the rank of ascertained facts, and shows clearly how much ground, considered as definitely captured from the schoolmen, has again become disputed territory through the discovery of the atomic theory. With Sir Oliver Lodge, the Canadian scientist notes "rapid progress combined with fundamental scepticism" as the characteristic of the age in which we live, but is hopeful that the cold fit which has succeeded the "cock-sureness" of the age of Tyndall and Huxley is passing.

"The best drug for the prevalent mental condition," Sir Bertram tells us, "is a stiff course of scholastic philosophy, as efficacious as quinine is for ague and, to many, as bitter."

Certainly few writers today can administer it in so well rationed a dose as Sir Bertram Windle, nor make it so palatable by a wholesome admixture of the common sense that does not always accompany the empirical as distinguished from the truly scientific mind.

H. L. S.

America and Germany: 1918-1925, by Sidney Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

MANY readers will be grateful to Mr. Brooks for this careful study of relations between the United States and Germany during the critical period following the Armistice. He traces the story of American effort to ameliorate the food shortage which had been created by the blockade; the narrative of that vast charity which, through a number of industrious agencies, brought to suffering Germany some of America's superfluity; and the often dramatic tale of measures adopted to bolster the financial weakness of the Ebert republic. On the whole, the book proves once again that the policy of this country remains very like what it was when Grant ordered the Confederate soldiers to take their horses with them for the spring ploughing—a policy nobly reaffirmed by General Henry T. Allen when he defended his chairmanship of a committee to gather funds for the relief of starving German children by saying: "America never waged war on children."

One is delighted to see that, regardless of much cheap hatred then diffused, the official representatives of our country generally understood the truth of Herbert Hoover's words: "There is a country of 60,000,000 people with whom the world has to live, and whose economic coöperation is necessary to give life to the rest of the world. There is no other task open except to try to live and coöperate wholeheartedly with them." Mr. Brooks's volume is, of course, limited to a consideration of the more important and representative activities of the United States. Much would necessarily be added if the story were to be complete—the details of the relations between the army of occupation and the people among whom it lived, as well as the chronicle of what was done charitably but quietly by such organizations as the Central-Verein. All in all, however, the book is adequate, reliable, and inspiring.

G. N. S.

Salvos, by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

MR. FRANK has given us in his Salvos a book of his declarations on subjects ranging from the declaration of war to chapters on the Little Theatre, Charlie Chaplin, and Shakespeare and the Empire.

The general recognition of the originality and pithiness of Mr. Frank's work is justified in his Salvos. His lack of rumination, of profoundity and reconsideration are also evident to older minds. Mr. Frank is wise and young. It would be impertinent to speak of his promise as he has reached the point of actual achievement. One likes or dislikes personality displayed in the adjustments or re-adjustments of facts, philosophies, arts and sciences, as Mr. Frank adopts them; his mind is clear; he has an able scholarship and a point of view novel, young, and aggressive. He runs into the temple or church and brushes off the dust from the noses of the saints in a way to startle the sacristan and sometimes to annoy the worshippers and artists who like the dust.

There is an interesting account of Copeau of the Vieux Colombier and his relations with André Gide and Péguy. It is in a spirit that shows how far away the American mind finds itself when it contemplates the French theatrical world. Here Mr. Frank seems to recall the late James Huneker in his insistence on notes that produce an exotic effect. We have room in our critical and theatrical world for such influences and we may thank Mr. Frank for the usefulness of his Salvos.

T. W.

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BRIEFER MENTION

An Anthology of Catholic Poets, compiled by Shane Leslie. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

MR. SHANE LESLIE has prepared an excellent body of Catholic poetry from English literature—it is too bad that he has assumed a title to which his work does not at all conform. Had he called his book an Anthology of English Catholic Poets we could have no objection to his restrictions; in beginning his collection with the poet Caldmon, he assumes a purely nationalist attitude which he further limits to England, in spite of his inclusion of some Irish poetry, the work of twelve authors, including the Irish-American, John Boyle O'Reilly, and excluding all mention of the Catholic poets of America save for some selections from John Bannister Tabb. The complacency of our Catholic fellow-countrymen in the face of the exclusion of numerous American poets—notably of such a figure as Louise Imogen Guiney—in what purports to be an anthology of Catholic poets—even of English Catholic poets—will be hard to foresee. Mr. Leslie, during a long residence in America, must have had plenty of opportunity to hear of the existence of our native Catholic poets, and his attitude can hardly be excused. His choice within the boundaries he has erected is marked with good taste.

American Limericks, by Carolyn Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A VOLUME by Carolyn Wells
The tale of the limerick tells:
The vulgar and vicious
She treats with judicious
Avoidance—We hope that it sells!

In her foreword Miss Wells declares that a complete book of American limericks would be impossible for several reasons, and she attempts an anthology of the best. She admits that "nearly every other one" is from her own pen, and swamped in the general anonymity, she suffers or is glorified according to the taste and digestion of the reader. Somehow or other we seem to have met funnier limericks than most of those in this volume. An examination of conscience leaves us in parlous uncertainty between the shadowy questions of propriety and the taste of the compiler. A wit is not necessarily a good collector of other people's sparkles; the chemical composition of wit, humor, humanity, culture, and personality that go to make up the ideal anthologist—his love for his author friends, his obliviousness toward his rivals which may be classified as limitation—leave us in real doubt as to whether the limerick is a paramount form of American humor at all.

The Subjunctive in Tacitus, by Sister Winifred Mary Carmody. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

IT seems that the historian Tacitus—by nature a poet but professionally an historian—was accustomed to insinuate his poetical, personal, and philosophical views in the subjunctive forms of his verbs. He lived at a period when the shackles of Cicero were falling off the arms of Latin diction and syntax, and he found a language enriched and beautified by the Augustan poets in which to give full sway to his poetic, artistic and psychological temper in the Agricola, Germania, Histories and Annals. Sister Winifred Mary Carmody, in a masterful manner, traces these linguistic uses with scholarly acumen.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I commented once before," said Dr. Angelicus, "on the strange things that are happening in the window-world."

"Oh, Doctor," exclaimed Miss Anonymoncule sententiously, "if the shades are not drawn, it is your duty to avert your head."

"Allow me to explain," said the Doctor. "I am not speaking of ordinary windows, but of church windows."

"And again," said Miss Anonymoncule, severely, "when you are in church, your head should not be turned toward the windows, but should, rather, be bent in prayer."

"My child, what did you eat for lunch today?" asked the Doctor. "I've warned you before against those crab-meat cocktails. But let me continue. You remember that the Ethical church in London sought to relieve what seemed to them the monotony of familiar sacred subjects by introducing a window picturing George Bernard Shaw and Anatole France in glowing red and purple. Now I see that New York, not to be outdone, is going to have a window in the Protestant-Episcopal Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, dedicated to sport."

"Perhaps," said Tittivillus who had of late been surreptitiously reading a book in the library whose cover he always carefully concealed, "perhaps that really was why Iris March kept on ordering green hats, 'pour le sport'—perhaps she only wanted them to wear to church, after all."

"Tittivillus, bring that book to me," ordered the Doctor. "I suspected as much. Where is that copy of Hans Christian Anderson's fairy stories I gave you to read last week?"

"There is no doubt that sport is becoming a popular theme in literature and art," said Primus Criticus. "The novels of Henri de Montherlant in France are one example of the trend—but I really never expected to see it introduced into church art. What aspects will the proposed window represent?"

"The New York World states," replied Dr. Angelicus, "that 'in the rose at the top, an angel is shown crowning a victor with laurel. In the left-hand panel, there are shown three major sports—polo, tennis, and baseball; and the following minor sports in smaller sections—horse show (steeplechase) cycling, basketball, handball, swimming, gymnastics, yachting, bowling, and billiards. In the right-hand panel, other major sports are shown—horse racing, rowing, track and

(*Continued on page 420*)

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field, and football. The minor sports depicted are skating, hockey, soccer, fencing, wrestling, pole vaulting, boxing, trap-shooting and motorboating."

"Where does golf come in?" demanded Hereticus indignantly.

"Oh," said Angelicus, "the omission of golf by those planning the window is indeed a subtlety. Why include golf since those most interested in it are notoriously more lax about appearing in church on fine Sundays than are the advocates of other sports? For golfers, their game is their religion."

Hereticus wore a guilty look as Angelicus regarded him severely.

"What I should like to know," said Primus Criticus, "is the identity of the donor of the window—Suzanne Lenglen, Gertrude Ederle, Paavo Nurmi, or Jack Dempsey?"

"It is not the gift of an individual, but of a committee representing amateur sports," replied Dr. Angelicus.

"I believe," said Hereticus, his dignity having somewhat recovered from the Doctor's innuendo, "in the eternal fitness of things. A place for everything—and everything in its place. Church is not the place for sport pictures. Soon they will be substituting the Morning Telegraph for the prayer-book. What inspiration can the prayerful find in looking up at a stained-glass representation of a boxing match? We have, indeed, fallen upon godless times."

"Not at all," replied Primus Criticus argumentatively. "Do you forget that in the great ages of faith, the mediaeval churches contained windows depicting games? Some of the sculptures and gargoyles were even of a humorous nature, and others were frightful caricatures of unpopular people. This window in the new cathedral may be but another indication of a revival of mediaevalism."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"If the customs return, do you think the clothes will also?" asked Miss Anonymoncule seriously. "I've always had a secret longing for one of those high, cone-shaped hats draped with a flowing veil."

"It might be difficult to Charleston in those slippers with the curled-up toes one sees in the pictures," said Tittivillus thoughtfully.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Speaking of clothes," said Angelicus, "one of the papers recently had a despatch from Germany to the effect that men mannequins are the latest thing in the fashion world there. At one of Berlin's best known cabarets, film and vaudeville artists are displaying up-to-date creations in dress suits, dinner jackets, morning coats, lounge suits, and top-coats, including all other essential accessories like top-hats, derbies, scarfs, shoes, and fancy handkerchiefs."

"But I thought the Germans were inclined to be stout" said Miss Anonymoncule, "and whoever heard of a fat mannequin?"

"There you go again," replied Angelicus. "As I have patiently pointed out to you before, you underestimate the beauty of the portly figure. Now the Turks are a wise people. They have the right idea."

"Do you approve of their theories in all things?" asked Hereticus, trying, in revenge, to trap the Doctor.

"No," replied Angelicus, cautiously. "But certainly their ideas on figs, figures, and paste are excellent."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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